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The Sketch

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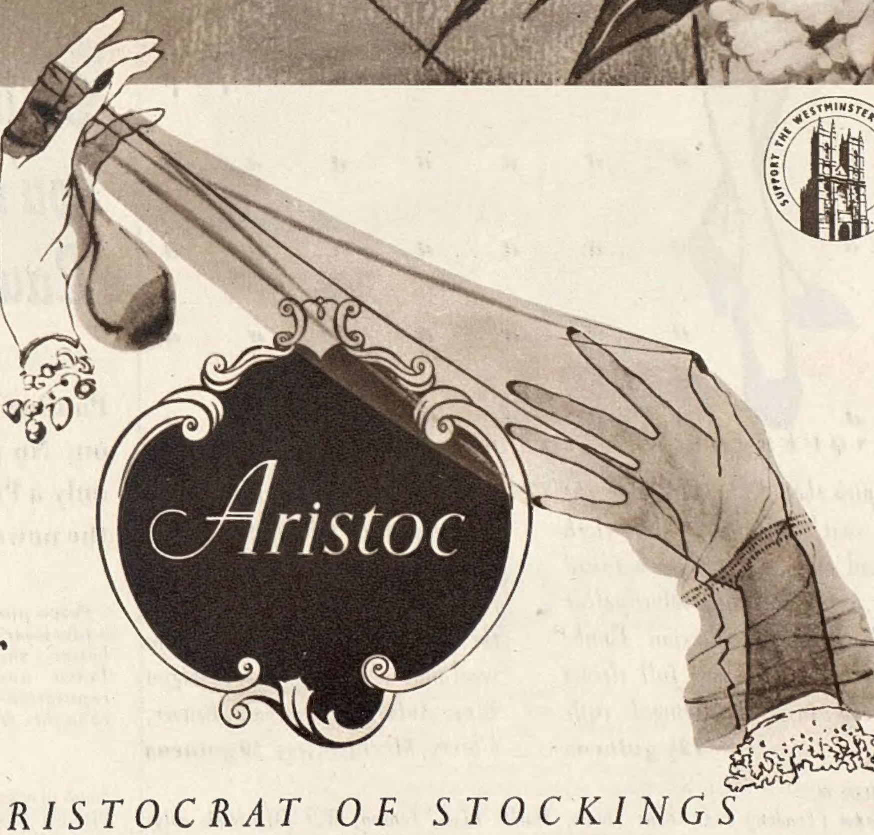

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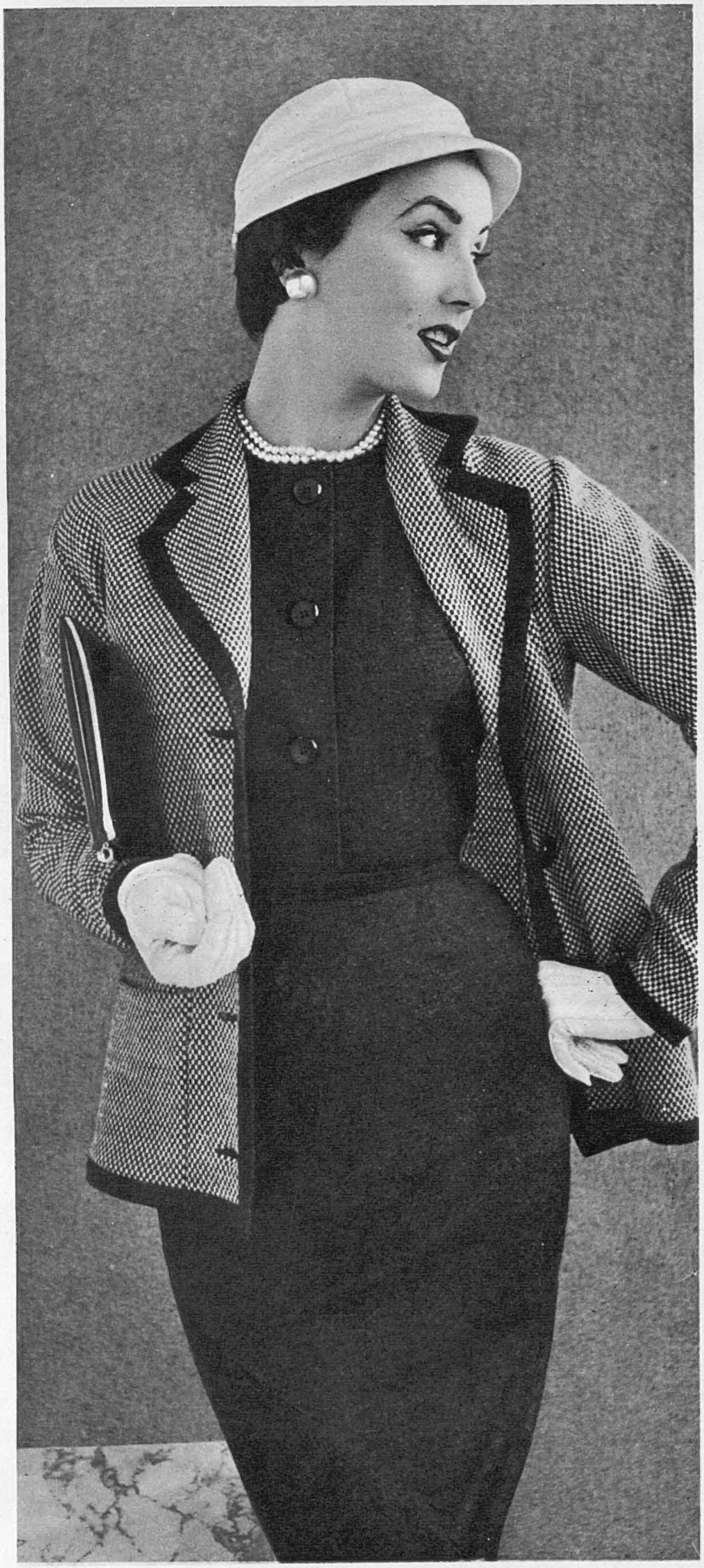

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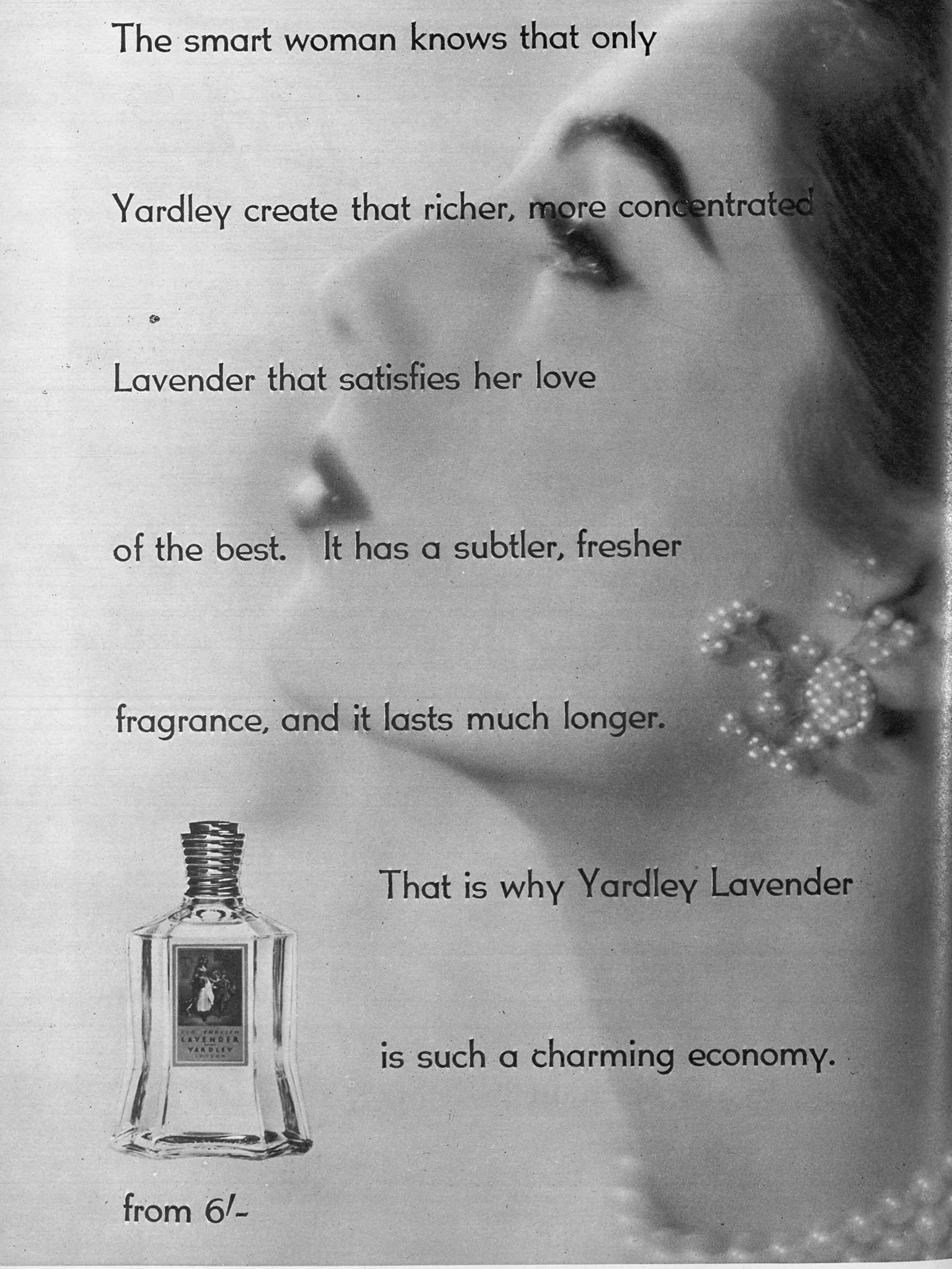
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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1953

Photographed by Lenare.

The Marchioness of Blandford and her Son

Seen here with his mother, the former Miss Susan Hornby, is the young Earl of Sunderland, who was born on November 17th last year. At his christening recently he was named John David Ivor, and his godparents included Princess Margaret, Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill, the Earl of Westmorland and Mr. William Wallace.

THE PRINCESS MARGARET NURSERY SCHOOL at Aberlour Orphanage, Banffshire, was recently opened by Princess Margaret herself, accompanied by the Warden, the Very Rev. C. A. E. Wolfe. And so for Sandra Black, the little girl in this picture, at least, the visit of a real Princess became a treasured memory.

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

BY the time you read this, gentle readers, I trust you will be no more than a fragrant memory to me. That is to say, I hope to be the best part of a thousand miles away, and also, I hope, under a sun blazing out of a cloudless sky. I say " I hope," because I long ago came to the conclusion that I was one of the children of Israel. You will remember that at a critical stage in that race's migrations they were greatly helped by a cloud which stood over them by day and a pillar of fire by night.

It is my firm opinion that I am everywhere accompanied by " a cloud by day." In countries where unbroken sunshine is the rule, it only needs my arrival to produce storms of unprecedented intensity, and bad weather such as no local inhabitant has known at that time of the year for the past half-century. However, one travels hopefully, and at this moment I am anticipating sunshine right round the clock.

JUST before leaving, I went to see one of our Ministers, sick at his home in the country. Enforced idleness resulted in his looking better than I have seen him for years, but suffering from the fact that he could no longer bear to listen to the B.B.C. (a dog-lover, he now regards the whole of the canine race with slight distaste, having heard band leaders and crooners demanding the price of a certain doggie in a window at least ten times a day). I took him down a large assortment of detective literature, principally the works of that admirable trio, Mesdames Christie, Marsh and Sayers. (Why, oh why, has the last-named given up writing detective stories ?)

I recommended, however, that now was the opportunity for him to do what I did at one stage at the latter end of the blitz, when I was in bed for many weeks with a dented head, and read the whole of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. What a splendid book that is ! One can forget the unwieldy, dropsical old gentleman plumping down on his knees before an astonished lady in Switzerland, asking her to marry him, and when the offer was refused, humiliatingly having to enlist her help to get to his feet again, and think only of that superb prose. As Philip Guedalla once said, Gibbon does not hesitate to give vent to a great gust of laughter in the middle of a paragraph, whereas his pale successors among modern historians " retire to giggle feebly in a footnote."

What a splendid thing, too, that a young subaltern of the name of Churchill happened to find time on his hands fifty years ago in India, and read the *Decline and Fall*, thus providing himself with the finest speaking and writing prose style of our time.

Another convalescent course I should recommend would be the collected works of " Saki." At dinner the other evening we were discussing the comparative failure of women in Parliament, a failure which must have broken the hearts of the early suffragettes, if they are still alive. I cling to the theory that the reason is this—that no woman can be objective. She sees everthing in a personal relation to herself.

Let me put it this way. A Minister will be being assailed in the House by a political opponent, who will call him everything that the Speaker will permit. His indignant fury will be met with sarcastic scorn. Afterwards, however, as likely as not they

will be having a drink together, and the Minister will say : " Jim, you are losing your grip. When you suggested just now that my main delight was starving babies, you should have added that you suspected me of cannibalism, and that I liked at least two on toast for breakfast every morning." A woman, on the other hand, would regard the insults as involving a mortal and abiding enmity henceforward.

"Saki," writing before the 1914 war, in which he was killed, had a cure for all this. In his story of Hermann the Irascible, he made that monarch, who by a series of curious coincidences had come to the British throne, face the problem of women's votes in the following way. He gave them the vote, but insisted (*a*) that it should be compulsory, and (*b*) that they should have to vote on everything, and for everybody, including the appointment of the local postman. The result was that City typists had to get up at five o'clock in the morning in order to get their voting done before their day's work, and "only the richest could afford a Continental holiday." In the end, the women, if I remember rightly, organised the Great Weep. This mass lachrymosity induced Hermann the Irascible to withdraw the vote from them again. "There are more ways," the monarch philosophised, "of killing a cat than choking it with cream, but I am not sure that it is not the best way."

BUSHY : by Hargrave

"Well, gentlemen, I can only suggest a three-power conference on the re-allocation of the existing quota."

TWO friends of mine will be pleased for personal reasons at the successful effort of the Shah's supporters to oust Dr. Mossadeq, and, curiously, they are now together in Cairo. They are Robin Hankey and Michael Creswell. The Shah's liking for Western ideas and for this country is largely due to them. Each in turn was Counsellor at our Embassy in Teheran, and each, in turn, made friends with this lonely and isolated young man, going off on ski-ing, shooting or riding expeditions with him, and encouraging him to come out of his shell.

Robin Hankey, like Michael Creswell, has a capacity for being in posts where difficult situations arise. He was the second Briton to know that World War II. had begun (the first was our Consul in Katowice, who telephoned him to say he was being bombed), and, indeed, rang up the Polish General Staff to inform them. Later he was Chargé d'Affaires in Rumania during the critical period before the Germans marched into the Balkans. On this occasion there were, however, compensations. Three times a false alarm of the German invasion made the Legation staff burn all their confidential documents, including their cyphers.

Then, as Robin told me, they got back almost to the nineteenth century as far as diplomacy was concerned. The modern diplomat is, in normal times, so easily accessible from London that he is little more than a conveyer of instructions and purveyor of information. Without cyphers, however, there was no means of London communicating with Bucharest (except through King's messengers, who had to make a roundabout journey), nor could he communicate with London except on the most trivial subjects—for the over-instructed diplomat an idyllic situation.

THE Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Civil Aviation, Jack Profumo, is, I see, going to be one of the crew in the *Canberra* which is taking part in the London to New Zealand air race in October. This is typical of this lively and energetic young politician, who, unlike some others I could mention, has not been spoilt by political promotion, and remains his gay, but intensely conscientious, self. Jack is lucky in possessing brains, good looks, charm and no inconsiderable share of the world's goods—so much so, indeed, that it is scarcely fair. His house in Regent's Park is eloquent of his excellent taste.

During the war he was either the youngest colonel and the second youngest brigadier or *vice versa*, Mark Chapman-Walker being his rival for whichever distinction he did not occupy. Some of his friends are puzzled when his wartime friends refer to him as "the Professor," for Jack, though, as I say, highly intelligent, is scarcely an academic figure. The story is this. On one occasion he was flown from Italy to Cairo, where transport was supposed to be awaiting him. No one, however, appeared to take the least interest in him, though there was quite an imposing delegation obviously awaiting a distinguished visitor. It finally transpired that they had received a signal announcing the impending arrival of "Prof. Umo," whom they took to be a distinguished Balkan politician who had been flown out of his occupied country. So "the Prof." Jack has remained.

I MUST record with regret the loss of my Fat Black Cat, the victim of one of those maddening cars that swirl round the square in which I live, which is a cul-de-sac, the better to turn round in the King's Road. (The culprit is lucky that I am not quite as choleric as Jim Wentworth-Day, who once loosed off two barrels of an 8-bore gun at 2.30 of a summer morning in King Street, St. James's, at an unpleasant little character who was attempting to blackmail the lady who lived in the flat above him—but that is another story.)

Poor Fat Black Cat. He had the handsomest tail in the square, due, I maintain, to the fact that since kittenhood I had always picked him up by it. Of an evening, when I took my two spaniels out (he slept curled up between them), he would run forward to greet us and wait until the ceremony of hoisting him 3 or 4 ft. into the air had been concluded. On one occasion, however, late at night and very dark as well, there was a cat which I took to be the Fat Black Cat. Bending down I seized it by the base of the tail and lifted it in a friendly manner high into the air. I see that the Russians are reported to have exploded the hydrogen bomb. I felt rather as if I had taken liberties with that highly explosive weapon. There was an unearthly hissing squawk. I dropped the animal, which promptly streaked over a fence and up a tree. From there I was regarded with baleful eyes by an elderly tom with a scarred nose, no doubt the bully of the square, and the victor of a hundred amatory battles, who had never suffered such an indignity before.

RECENTLY there arrived in London an Immensely Important American Financier. A big lunch was laid on for him, at which representatives of the Government and other top brass were present. He was called upon to say a few words. He began, and without a touch of humour said : "Unaccustomed as I am to speaking in"—(pause)—"soft currency countries . . ."

Above, left:
MISS ROSEMARY STUCLEY is the daughter of Major Dennis Stucley and the Hon. Mrs. Stucley, daughter of Lord Poltimore. Major Stucley, who is heir to Sir Hugh Stucley, owns beautiful Hartland Abbey, in Devon. Miss Stucley shared a coming-out dance earlier this year with Miss Francesca Fummi, daughter of Lady Anne Fummi.

Above, right:
THE HON. NICOLE YARDE-BULLER, who also comes from Devonshire, is the only daughter of Lord Churston, of Churston Court, Churston Ferrers. She was presented this year and has spent her first season with her aunt, the Countess Cadogan.

Left:
MISS FRANCESCA FUMMI, who is the daughter of Mr. G. Fummi and Lady Anne Fummi, and a granddaughter of the twenty-seventh Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, shared her coming-out dance with Miss Rosemary Stucley. Miss Fummi is going to the University of St. Andrews this autumn to read English.

Photographed by Eric Coop.

Some of the

Above, left:
MISS JANE KNIGHT is the daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Claud Knight, of Lower Stoneham Farm, Lewes, and the granddaughter of Lady Monk Bretton. She was presented in April and had a coming-out dance given for her in June.

Above, right:
MISS GWENDA MARK, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Mark, of West Grange, Scots Gap, Northumberland, finished her education in Italy and France. She was presented on May 7th and shared a dinner-dance at the Dorchester Hotel in May with Miss Lucinda Leveson-Gower.

Right:
MISS JAN LEGGAT is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Leggat, of Fairnington, Kelso, Roxburghshire. After leaving school she studied languages in Switzerland, and was presented at Holyroodhouse in June. Miss Leggat is a keen racegoer and a music-lover.

Photographed by Bassano.

younger set

Our Bookshelf

KINGFISHERS CATCH FIRE. By Rumer Godden. (*Macmillan ; 12s. 6d.*)

THREE'S COMPANY. By H. G. Bentz. (*Victor Gollancz ; 12s. 6d.*)

TAKE IT TO HEART. By Kathleen Farrell. (*Rupert Hart-Davis ; 10s. 6d.*)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

I HAVE never read a novel by Rumer Godden without being startled anew by its vivid, fantastic quality, as one is always startled by the need to use the word "genius" without being quite able to define it. In *Kingfishers Catch Fire*, a wilful, insensitive young English widow with two children, Teresa, aged eight, and her little brother, Moo, takes them to live perilously among inimical natives, in a beautiful, half-ruined house high in the hills of Kashmir. But Teresa's story haunts and hurts us; she longed for a conventional little English home with a gate and a small front garden: "Why can't we live like proper people?" What a hope, with Sophie for mother! The bitter, pungent humour of their predicament stranded with the kindly Mission in the valley, is often too true to be funny: especially when Sophie, recovering from a serious illness and beginning to make plans for the future, attempts to reassure her small daughter:

"I am sure I shall have an idea."

"Are you well enough yet to have an idea?" asked Teresa apprehensively.

And soon we see that her apprehensions are only too well founded. Apparently solid and lacking in imagination, there is no one to protect the child from Sophie, who, fascinating and impenitent, strong in self-delusion as all egoists, demands live sacrifice. Her methods are like gathering flowers on a walk through the fields, and as easy as that: you merely pull them up by the roots. She thinks she understands the natives; she thinks she can command their devotion; she thinks she can punish them or save them from punishment . . .

After a terrible episode which comes near to killing Teresa, Sophie does indeed make one final effort to behave like "proper people," plain and good and ordinary: she summons Toby, the doctor from her old home, and gets engaged to him. But it is all no use . . . and alas for Teresa's dream of a happy, conventional existence in Camberley, we leave them, on the contrary, escaping at dawn (while Toby sleeps in his hammock)—a brilliantly-coloured little procession of Sophie's still-infatuated victims with their odd baggage and animals, to start a new home in Lebanon:

"Lebanon," said Nabir, and his eyes grew alarmed at its unfamiliarity. "Aie! The Memsahib is brave," he said.

"Not brave," said Sophie. "I have to go. It's not brave to do as you must."

Right for once! But in spite of Sophie's high-falutin' conceptions of Sophie, it is Teresa who, by suffering, has acquired poise and a strange dignity, as well as the courage which establishes her as, literally, the heroine of *Kingfishers Catch Fire*.

FROM a glance at the handsome spaniel portrayed on the cover, *Three's Company* might seem an unexpected book to have been among the first to come out of post-war Germany; yet after all, few themes are more universal than the love of a man for his dogs. The charming, intimate pictures of daily life emerge all the more truthfully for their unlaboured translation, showing no signs of the usual hard breathing and a hand perpetually stretched out for the dictionary's aid; save for its foreign background, Miss Marjorie Deans could easily have made us believe that the book had originally been written in English.

Stories about our domestic pets are always liable at first to fall under suspicion; are they going to be quaint and whimsical, inducing in most of us faint waves of nausea? Shall we be invited to a "let's-pretend" that Cocky and Peterkin and Weffy converse exactly as though they were humans? But H. G. Bentz does not even employ a permissible idiom (as in the classic example of *The Wind in the Willows*), where the animals exist independently of our own two-legged world, though perforce borrowing our means of expression. These canine three musketeers are strongly and unmistakably dogs; and Cocky, the Springer spaniel, always remains 100 per cent. animal—

. . . irritated when he has to make any kind of concession to the fact that he is living with a man. He would much prefer to treat me as a dog, or even—in the truest sense of the word—an underdog.

The author-biographer ruefully recognises the barrier which eternally prevents us from communicating except by a few elementary physical manifestations: loud, futile noises on either side; pats and caresses from us; and from them, paws given and eager plungings to lick our face. The trio's Master and Missus hurl themselves in vain against this maddening language barrier, trying to convey their intentions so that in urgent moments of disobedience and peril, the dogs should understand.

All is fairly harmonious within doors, even when they introduce Peterkin, the partly-poodle. For Peterkin and Cocky become inseparable in their walks and their games, their gettings-up and lyings-down; the spaniel leads and Peterkin uncritically adores. To extend the duet to a trio is manifestly precarious, as the Mighty Ones should have known beforehand, and not have risked bringing in Weffy, a wire-haired terrier, simply because he reminds them so poignantly of Puck, their beloved first dog who dies in Chapter One. Weffy's personality is gay and noisy; in spite of being a newcomer, he confidently takes possession of his master, and once again we have to recognise an international theme: the interloper *versus* prior claims, and the jealous refusal to share and settle these claims peacefully by fair division and arbitration. Life becomes a battle-ground in which not only the aggressors, but everybody impartially receives painful wounds of body and soul; and so deeply are we drawn in by the author's passionate sincerity, that we begin to wonder if any of us can possibly be happy again . . . until, near the end of the book, Cocky's desperate illness and hair-breadth recovery mysteriously draw the three dogs into an affectionate alliance.

IF only Saul and Victoria, the two juvenile leads in *Take It to Heart* were not always going through their emotions with an introspective toothcomb! But characters in fiction are sometimes possessed by devils of perversity; why, otherwise, should we have been so unfailingly delighted with Victoria's invalid father, Francis, and with Saul's reprehensible friend David, whom the author sums up with ironic perception: "David was always interested when people were upset"? And attracted by Jenny, too, one of these light women of her name derived from Rossetti, who can take love gaily and a kiss for what it is worth till the market fails. These three featured players, so to speak, not the stars, rouse us to spontaneous applause every time they appear; and personally I should have been altogether satisfied if Francis, restless, sophisticated and cantankerous, had not only appeared but permanently remained on the scene:

A man capable of the greatest unselfishness and the lowest pettiness all within the space of half an hour. . . . His body wanted to sit still and be waited on. Wanted honey for breakfast and electric blankets for the night-time. Wanted bananas (when they were practically unprocurable), wanted melons when the shops were shut. Francis knew all this, and he resented his body which had made such a fool of his mind.

We are reluctant to be dragged away from Francis, for when neither Jenny nor David happens to drop in for a chapter, we are left with Victoria and Saul, whose love for one another is either too much or too little, who talk endlessly of the complications and emotional entanglements involved in seeing one another or not seeing one another or in better-not-see-one-another-again, or does-he-love-me-more with somebody present at his untidy studio in London, or does-she-love-me-less with nobody present in the country?

But we welcome Victoria's week-ends with her parents, for the country scenes are always poignantly felt and described in shapely nervous sentences; Miss Farrell is especially an artist of the night.

The long-awaited encounter between Victoria and Jenny, when it bursts at last, is skilfully handled; and Jenny will have an unseen chorus in most readers when she asks: "Haven't you got the slightest idea how to bring things to a head?" But when Victoria does bring things to a head (as she hopes), the situation between her and Saul is very much the same as when she did not. And we are inclined to quote impatiently from an article by C. S. Lewis:

To know the whole of one minute in Napoleon's life would require a whole minute of your own life. You could not keep up with it.

Nevertheless, an interesting provocative novel, veined with subtlety and informed by a gift for divining the half-hidden motives of men and women.

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

PILOT'S POOL.
By A. P. Herbert. (*Methuen ; 6s.*)

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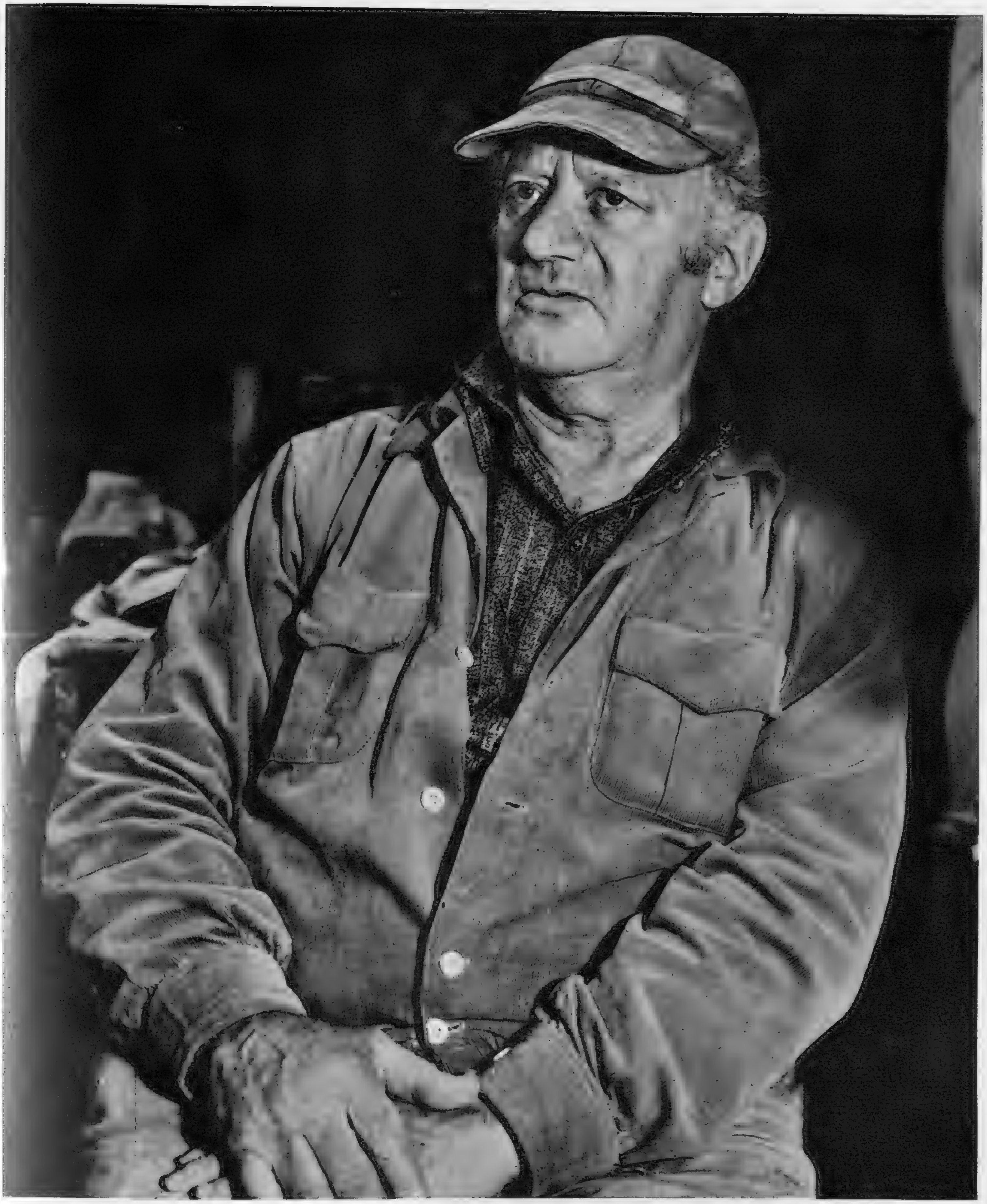
By Gwenda Hollander. (*Macdonald ; 10s. 6d.*)

THE HEART OF THE FAMILY.
By Elizabeth Goudge. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 12s. 6d.*)



Personality Parade—6

JACOB EPSTEIN

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Jitendra Arya.

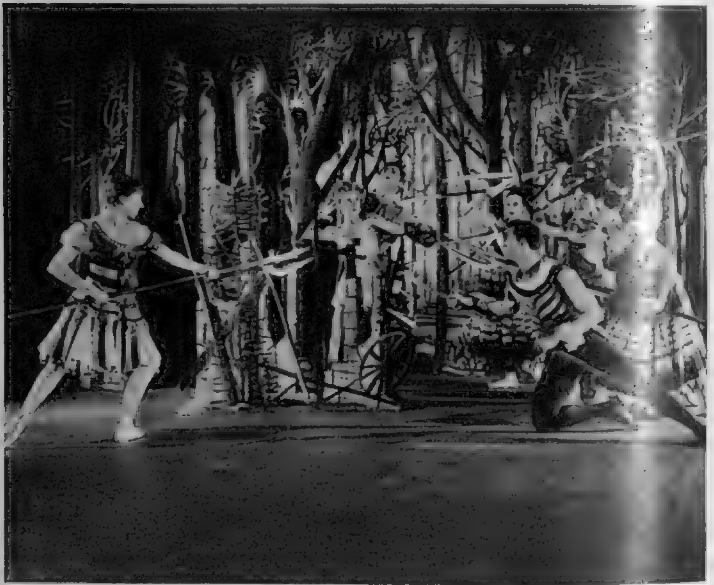
"Let There Be Sculpture" was Jacob Epstein's plea in his autobiography published in 1940—but as far as he himself was concerned, there already *was* sculpture—masses of it. For Epstein, born in New York in 1880, has been producing his masterful, thought-provoking, highly individual, often controversial, and always commanding works for nearly fifty years. To-day, with his leonine head and searching blue eyes, he is a powerful personality. His energy is amazing, his efforts prodigious: at seventy-two, he works from morning to night every day. His latest completed work, a group of three figures 15 ft. high, will be cast in bronze and then placed in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. If you would judge the effect of his work on the general public, visit Cavendish Square. There stands his *Madonna and Child*, and there stand people who came to see and stayed to marvel.

Watched by the jealous gipsy (Edmée Redouin), the bride (Violette Verdy) and her bridegroom (George Reich) dance before their wedding.

Anxiously regarding the wolf (Roland Petit), which she nevertheless believes is her future husband, the bride takes her bridegroom into the church.

After their wedding, the couple escape from the crowd and the wolf and his bride dance away to the forest.

At first the bride is really terrified when she makes the discovery that she has married a real wolf.



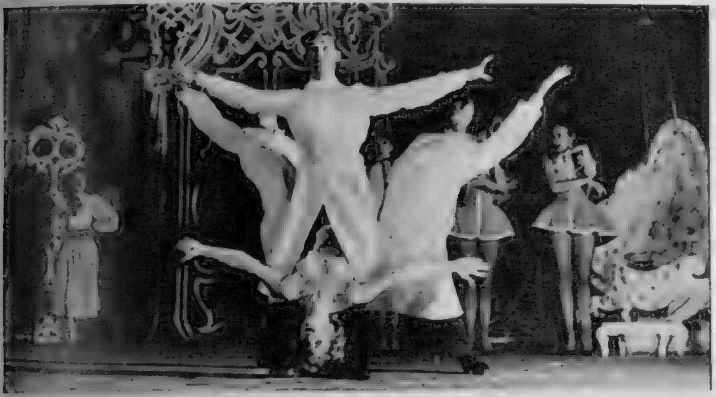
But she learns to love him, and when the villagers kill him and try to rescue her, she finally dies with him.

LE LOUP

A young girl, whose bridegroom runs away with a gipsy on their wedding day, is made to believe that he has been transformed into a wolf. But she marries a real one in mistake for her intended husband, and even when she eventually learns the truth, she still loves him truly and dies defending him from the alarmed villagers.

Roland Petit Ballet

The star (Colette Marchand) is surprised in her bedroom by the gangster (Roland Petit) and they perform a love-dance together.



The fabulous star goes through all the usual routine, plus some highly original treatment in the Beauty Salon.

After the beauty treatment, the star continues to wallow in familiar Hollywood luxury, and takes a refresher in the exotic shower-bath.

CINÉ-BIJOU

A young man and a little typist wait in a cinema queue—once inside they see themselves as the main characters in the film, he the gangster, she the star, and are transported into a glamorous and exciting world. The picture ends, and once more they become themselves, departing in different directions into the night.

An enthusiastic first-night audience gave Roland Petit's ballet company a very warm reception when they commenced their five-week season over here at the Stoll Theatre on August 24th. Beside the two ballets featured on these pages, the repertoire includes *Deuil en 24 Heures*, *Carmen*, *La Perle* and *The Lady in the Ice*.

Naturally, Press photographers play a large part in the star's life, and she makes unconventional use of two cameramen for a "pin-up" picture.

The gangster deserts the star, who sets out in search of him and finishes up in a third-rate night-club.

RAIN COMING, SUMMER 195[illegible]
By Elizabeth Scott-Moore.

Britain in

The usual summer exhibition of drawings by contemporary artists was held at the R.W.S. Galleries in Conduit Street from August 11th to 29th. Typical English landscapes predominated and the accent was very much on the traditional style. There was

OFF TO THE BEACH.
By Norah Pearse.

THE BRIDGE,
SEATON, DEVON.
By W. L. Magor.

WINTER FISHING, BRIGHTON PIER. By

ROWLAND'S SHOP, ETON COLLEGE.
By Peter Toseland.

Water Colours

nothing of violence or of that stark reality which has been the keynote of so many of this year's exhibitions ; colours were muted in most cases, sombre in some, and the general impression was one of delicacy, as is apparent in the selection we reproduce on these pages.

PALACE PIER, BRIGHTON.
By A. Egerton Cooper, R.B.A.

Sir Muirhead Bone, Hon. R.W.S., N.E.A.C.

BEND OF THE ROTHER, MIDHURST.
By Adrian Hill, R.B.A., R.O.I.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

The Prince and the Foundlings

Hamlet

(Edinburgh Festival; Old Vic from September 14)

ANY playgoer who sees *Hamlet* for the first time is likely to regard the performance as magnificent, and to say that the Prince could not possibly be acted better. This is, of course, a tribute to Shakespeare's compelling narrative power. I still remember my own first Hamlet fondly, though I have seen some forty others since, and though it is clear now that the performance was barely an outline of the part. No doubt anyone new to Hamlet in dear Mr. Wopsle's audience was suitably excited, even when the Prince died by inches from the ankles upwards. It is said—one of those precepts happier in theory than in practice—that we should try to regard any visit to a classical play as our first; to see it as though it were something quite fresh. With *Hamlet* the advice crumples a little. Once two or three actors have shown to us how much there is in the complex part, once we have begun to probe the most exciting of all plays, it is impossible to take any indifferent performance of the Prince with careless rapture. We can still be exhilarated by the quality of the drama as a piece of story-telling; but, with other stages in mind, we shall not go about scattering superlatives.

I say this because, in some ways, the Old Vic revival (which began its career at Edinburgh) is one for strangers to the piece. No doubt they will enjoy it. No doubt they will enjoy Richard Burton's straightforward drive. But I have, in candour, to protest that there have been many more exciting productions; that we should come from a *Hamlet* remembering the verse as well as the vigour.

There were troubles at Edinburgh with the platform-stage in the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland. But since Michael Benthall will have reconsidered matters for the Vic, it is wiser to speak only of the acting. Here I was disappointed too often. Mr. Burton's voice is not matched to the verse. At Edinburgh—better, probably, to use the past tense—he discovered few variations between the matter-of-fact and the shout. We heard the familiar lines; they left no special impression. The most reasonable of the soliloquies was "O, what a rogue and peasant slave"; the unluckiest, "How all occasions . . . !" Mr. Burton made something of the producer's delayed-action effect on the first appearance of the Ghost to Hamlet—implausibly, the Prince does not turn for what seems to be an æon—and he did not smudge the lines to Horatio, "Nay, do not think I flatter . . ." Yet, in all, it was an impression of Hamlet, not a fully-equipped study.

I was most at ease with three persons: the Queen of Fay Compton, weary and pallid, expressive in voice and movement; William Squire's Horatio, portrait of a true friend; and the First Gravedigger—in his motley coat—of Edgar Wreford, who also "doubled" the First Player. There was some apt lesser work. Thus Timothy Bateson was more of a personage, and less of a comic turn, than Osric sometimes is; John Dearth and David Williams—who have each acted Hamlet, one at Nottingham, one with the O.U.D.S.—knew about Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; and John Neville, from Bristol, had a gallant entry as Fortinbras.

What of the other major parts? At Edinburgh Michael Hordern, who should prove to be one of the subtlest Shakespeareans of our day, did not altogether fix Polonius: the toss-it-off method was worrying. Claire Bloom's Ophelia, a perfectly sound technical exercise, had no pathos. And Laurence Hardy, one or two sinister moments aside—I liked the slow advance, among the guards, before Hamlet's exile—reminded me of a genially piratical monk. He came out best when the sword of Laertes (Robert Hardy) was at his throat.

The Ghost, toiling to get up steam again after his long silence, wheezed and wheezed, but more terrifying phantoms have been known to stalk at Elsinore. Thinking back over the production, I recall minor things: the lantern-illuminated group in the Play scene; the King's reading of the truth in Hamlet's eyes; the amplitude of a text that enabled Hamlet, in the Closet scene, to get a second wind at "One word more, good lady." And was I right in spying in the tiny part of Francisco a recent O.U.D.S. Malvolio and Richard the Third?

In London the *Hamlet* will soon be translated from the past to the present as the first Old Vic production in an admirable scheme that covers the entire Folio. I am sure that the revival will stir strangers to the play; others may expect to find more complete satisfaction in the relatively unexplored *All's Well That Ends Well*. Let us hope it is a title of good omen.

The Confidential Clerk

(Edinburgh Festival; Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, from September 16)

"TO be, or not to be": that phrase can lead us into the much-respected T. S. Eliot's new comedy which has thwarted ambition as one of its themes. Heredity is another. If you like, you can leave the theatre arguing—not that the play gives very much help. For let us be candid. This is an exercise in the fantastic which is neither funny enough to be an acceptable comedy, nor profound enough to be a good debating drama. Possibly it is obscure enough to be a success. We shall see. Certainly the verse is not memorable. I have never known so many anxious flutters about a piece that might well have slipped, unnoticed, into oblivion if it had been tested, anonymously, at one of the lesser experimental theatres.

I am not concerned here to ask whether it derives from the *Ion* of Euripides, from Menander, or what-you-will. The plot is about foundlings. W. S. Gilbert would have had much better fun with it. There is a financier called Sir Claude Mulhammer (Paul Rogers), who believes that his new confidential clerk, Colby Simpkins, is his illegitimate son. There is Lady Mulhammer (Isabel Jeans), a gushingly vague creature from any artificial comedy, who hopes at one point that Colby is *her* illegitimate son. There is Lucasta Angel (Margaret Leighton), who is Sir Claude's illegitimate daughter. There is Colby himself (Denholm Elliott), a thwarted musician just as Sir Claude is a thwarted potter. There is somebody called B. Kaghan (Peter Jones), who is also an illegitimate child, though whose child it is well to discover in performance. And there is the oracular foster-mother, Mrs. Guzzard of Teddington, who arrives at the close to settle odd points of parentage. I had almost forgotten Mr. Eggerson (Alan Webb), a retired confidential clerk; he seems to be perfectly sane and normal, with his mild little jokes about Mrs. E., and though he may stand for somebody or something undetected at present, he is—if we take it calmly—the most amiable character in the play, thanks to Mr. Webb's performance.

All these people are worked into a wholly incredible plot, full of coincidences and calculated shocks which would probably have the right effect if we could care for a moment about the characters. But attention is inclined to waver and fall during two-and-a-half hours of determined puppetry. Agreed, Mr. Webb could keep us listening if he settled for ten minutes to recite a schedule of trains between Liverpool Street and Joshua Park, E.; and Denholm Elliott, intensely sincere, does honour to the youth Colby. It is hard, however, to generate any sort of interest in Sir Claude, who ends the first act by observing pompously, "I shall go now and sit for awhile with my china"; or in Lucasta, who has a curious dialogue with Colby about secret gardens of the heart (during which I found myself muttering: "A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!"). Miss Jeans, with her timing and attack, frequently lends to Mr. Eliot a wit not discernible in the text.

We cannot take an Eliot play at its superficial value. We have to dig for victory. Edinburgh prickled with theories and Press conferences; but the piece remains quite unimportant. Can a man be said to have a vocation to become a second-rate potter? Goodness knows. And does it really matter? But if you have a passion to find out, or if you want to learn of the goings-on at Teddington in years past, or if you wish to speculate about "choices," or if your blood tingles at the cry, "You are the son of Herbert Guzzard, a disappointed musician," everything is here. According to the play's impresario in a recent alarmingly buoyant article, "Much of the glory of our greatest poet can be enjoyed by listening to his exquisite words, but to *see* splendid artists acting the beautifully-characterised rôles is an experience which one can never forget." Well! . . . The little piece is in verse, but we hardly notice it. I can say, without irony, that E. Martin Browne has produced with the art we expect.

The Trojan Women

(Edinburgh Festival)

THE amateur players of Edinburgh University, generally competent and adventurous, have gone this year to a double bill, *The Trojan Women* of Euripides, and a sixteenth-century Scots farce called *Philotus*. I was delighted to hear the first, in Gilbert Murray's version ("Would ye be wise, ye cities, fly from war!"). All must be moved by the dirge for Troy, for what Murray has called "a picture of the inner heart of a great conquest," and the young cast—under Jack Ronder—did it well and simply. The anonymous *Philotus*, produced and translated by Mr. Ronder, was a sometimes incomprehensible farcical skirmish. All I can repeat of it now—faultily, I dare say—is someone's line, "My mouth is full of oaties," from a bout of straw-tossing at the end. But everybody appeared to have a rich night.

The open quadrangle before the gateway to Holyroodhouse.

Ghosts of the past beckon from every side along the Royal Mile . . . the artery between the Castle and the Palace.

Edinburgh Festival Supplement

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

Sketches by Susan Benson

St. Giles' Cathedral Church.

AT one time it was said that the people of Edinburgh were too reticent and had lived too long in the east wind to take kindly to strangers or to share in that spirit of festival which it is admittedly easier to acquire in southern climes. Such a thought is now libellous. Experience garnered over seven years has turned the International Festival of Music and Drama into a cherished institution, whilst it would be difficult to find more hospitable hosts. The setting is perfect. Romance and history go hand-in-hand in Edinburgh, for Nature has dowered her with beauty and character. The flood-lit Castle has become an unforgettable symbol of faery aspect as it glows against the background of night.

At times the question is asked: What is the idea behind the Edinburgh Festival? Mr. Ian Hunter, the Artistic Director, gave a pertinent answer when he pointed out that Salzburg is devoted to Mozart, Bayreuth to Wagner. Edinburgh is an international arena for national styles in the Arts. Shakespeare is shown in the great English tradition. Molière is shown in the French tradition played by a French company. Italian music is played as Italian composers intended. German music is played as German composers intended.

The Festival aim is simple: to present the Arts in the distinctive styles of their countries of origin. The standard of performance is measured by an international yardstick . . . a standard that has facilitated the growth in stature of the Festival as an artistic event of world importance.

Distant view of Calton Hill . . . the unfinished monument modelled on the Parthenon.

(Continued overleaf.)

Scene from second act of "The Confidential Clerk."

"THE CONFIDENTIAL CLERK"

MR. T. S. ELIOT presents to the world a profoundly sensitive exterior made complex by a chilling repression. His first full-length play, *Murder in the Cathedral*, was the product of ascetic scholarship and an astringent intellectual outlook. In his second play, *The Family Reunion*, he introduced changes that had to be made if poetic drama was to be acceptable by a modern audience. He devised a verse-form which contained the full range of contemporary speech from the colloquial to the rhetorical. Such was his success that many in the audiences failed to realise the form and took it for granted that the play was in prose; the effect of the verse-rhythms working upon them at a deeper level than that of conscious realisation. Two years ago Mr. Eliot deserted the formal devices of ancient drama and returned to the familiar surroundings of our stage in *The Cocktail Party* . . . a play that abruptly divided Festival audiences and critics alike, polemical discussions centring round questions of interpretation.

This year, in *The Confidential Clerk* . . . the product of four years' work . . . Mr. Eliot has written a play with a light touch containing the inner message that men should keep faith with the best that is in them. I presume that Mr. Eliot's disciples will always read into his plays anything but what he says. I have already heard subtle speculation on hidden meanings. Shortly after the world première, I listened to Mr. Eliot's views on this subject. He said that critics may find different meanings to his play and critics are never wrong. But it means what it says. If it had meant something else, he would have said so. He maintained that if a playwright wants to say something serious nowadays it is better to say it in comedy than in tragedy.

I am prepared to take Mr. Eliot at his word. Here is his simplest and most deep-felt play since *Murder in the Cathedral* . . . a play about the physical problem of three illegitimates. There are moments of touching simplicity and drama in this family thicket. Mr. Alan Webb, as Eggerson, plays one of those delightful old men we all feel we know. Mr. Denholm Elliott gives a sterling performance as Colby, his sensitive approach being in sympathy with the author's verse. Miss Margaret Leighton gives a polished interpretation of Lucasta, the moving scene with Colby in the second act producing a superb emotional crescendo. Yes, *The Confidential Clerk* is a comedy which borders upon drama, and even upon religious drama.

In writing about this foundlings' hospital Mr. Eliot keeps his public guessing, and they have good intellectual measure for their trouble. He has succeeded in his quest for the right medium in which to bring poetry back to the stage, though I feel that a verse more regular in its pattern would give him greater power of emotional expression.

Amid modern playwrights, Mr. Eliot is a sun among farthing dips.

"HAMLET"

HAMLET is a rôle in which success is very elusive, though it is comparatively easy to avoid utter failure. The character consists of so many facets that it lends itself to various renderings. The aim of the present production, according to Mr. Michael Benthall, who directed it, has been a Hamlet without tricks designed to meet the special conditions of the Kirk Assembly Hall, where the audience sit round three sides of the stage. Its relation to the actors is therefore similar to that of the sixteenth-century audience. As in the day of Shakespeare, there is almost no attempt at scenic illusion. The action takes place amidst surroundings more vague and changeable than clouds; the scenery paints itself upon the darkness of the mind, a more suggestive background for beauty than any decorative curtain.

According to Mr. Benthall, acting Hamlet is a matter of playing it for all it is worth in order to extract the full amount of emotion from it. What happens after that is simply a matter of the personality of the actor. By that yardstick, how did Mr. Richard Burton fare? The first night proved a formidable ordeal. The business of great acting is to lift the spectator above himself, to intoxicate him, so that he is lifted to a power of appreciation undreamed of in his sober senses. In this way the ecstasy in the artist speaks to the ecstasy which is in all of us. It is here that Mr. Burton failed. The voice of an actor is a potent instrument of expression, provided that he draws on the full range of sweetness, violence, crystal whispers and animal passion. Though Mr. Burton moved with graceful agility, he failed to convey by voice or action Hamlet's incisive, intellectual exhilaration. There was little indication of the inner reaction of a reflective, sensitive nature against the depravity of man.

It was a mistake in production to bring out that Hamlet was in love with Ophelia. Hamlet was no lover. Polonius was nearer the mark when he cautioned his daughter that the Prince's vows were "springes to catch woodcocks" than he was when he cried, "this is the very ecstasy of love!" Hamlet's outranting of Laertes by the grave is not the outburst of passionate love-grief. It is an expression of hysterical rage by a man reacting to a histrionic display of grief in another. He regrets the outburst later: "I 'll court his favours," he says, "but, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me in a towering passion." Right truly exclaimed the King, "Love! his affections do not that way tend."

Ophelia's burial lacked significance. The black nuns were out of place. Laertes ought to have been shocked by the very perfunctoriness of the ceremony. The corpse of Ophelia should be carried in by a few rustics from the fields. When Hamlet and Laertes jump into the grave and trample the poor body underfoot as they fly at each other's throats, the onlookers ought to register horror instead of standing about like supernumeraries.

Mr. Laurence Hardy makes a person of the King in virile fashion. Mr. Michael Hordern as Polonius was delightful. Miss Fay Compton portrayed the queen with restrained dignity and avoided the pitfall of turning her scene with Hamlet into a neurotic Freudian episode. The Horatio of Mr. William Squire was played with imagination, but Mr. Robert Hardy failed to give "feeling" to the part of Laertes. He appeared to be listening to his own voice. Miss Claire Bloom was memorable as Ophelia. It had the quality of something soiled and injured and was saturated with the perfume of bruised violets. This Ophelia knew nothing of resentment, and her fragrance was that of lilies at their first unfolding. This is not quite what Shakespeare intended, but in its way it is a rare and lovely thing.

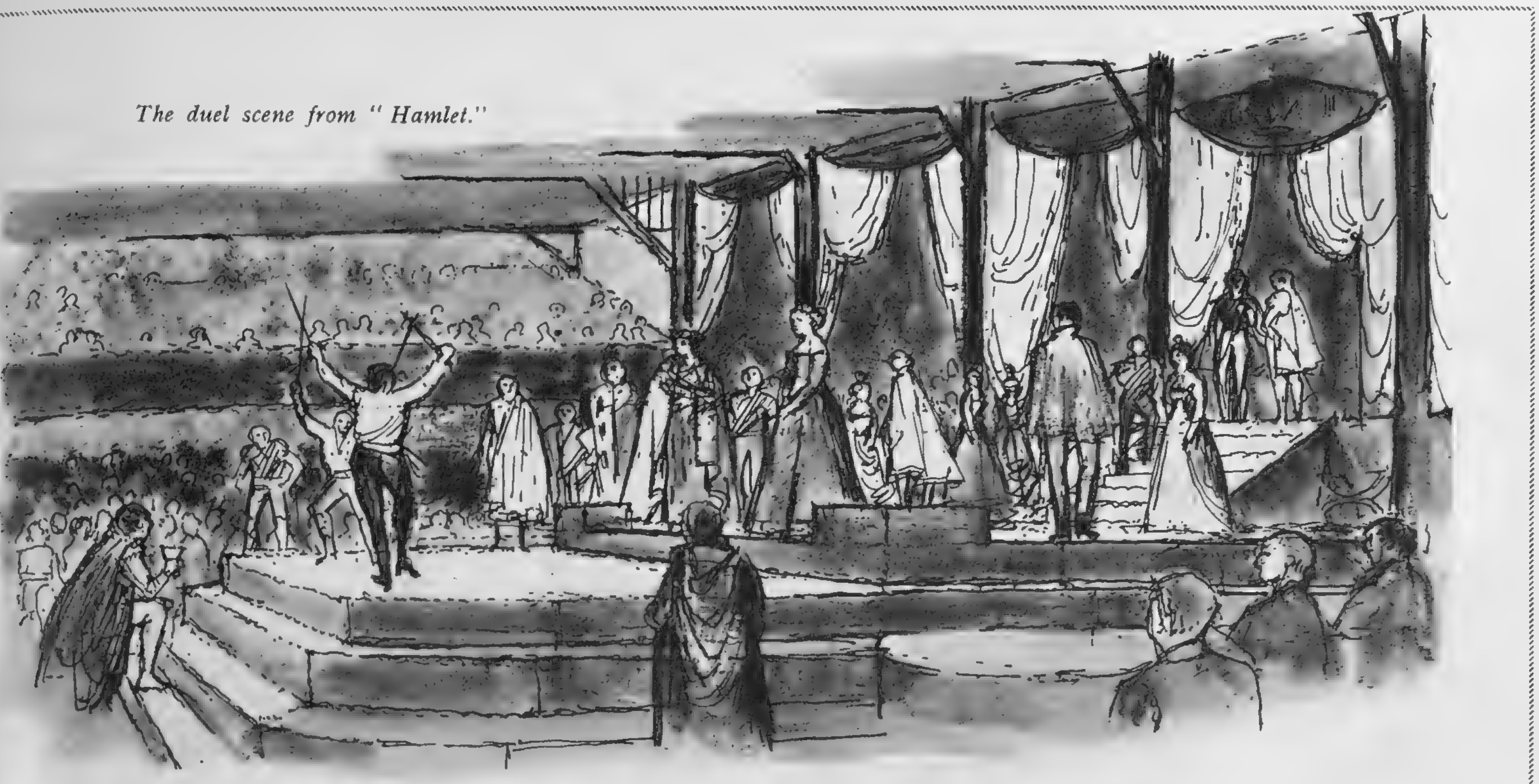
BALLET

THE musico-dramatic hybrid . . . Ballet . . . is represented in the three-weeks Festival season by the American National Ballet Theatre, the Spanish Ballet of Pilar López, and the Sadlers' Wells Theatre Ballet.

The aim of the American National Ballet Theatre, which was founded in 1939, was the intention of creating an American ballet company which would preserve the best of the classic tradition of Europe and at the same time lay the foundation for a new tradition which would be American in conception and spirit. To make sure that American dancers and prospective choreographers received their basic training in the finest of European traditions, Ballet Theatre enlisted the services of such European artists as Baronova, Markova, Dolin and Eglevsky, and engaged Fokine, Massine, Nijinska and Tudor to create new works for the company. When the Americans began to create themselves, their works were in the classic tradition, but were distinguished by an unmistakably American flavour. Eugene Loring's choreography for *Billy the Kid* and Jenny Workman as the Cowgirl in *Rodeo* are as American as baseball.

The Spanish Ballet of Pilar López dispels the idea that their national dancing is only clicking

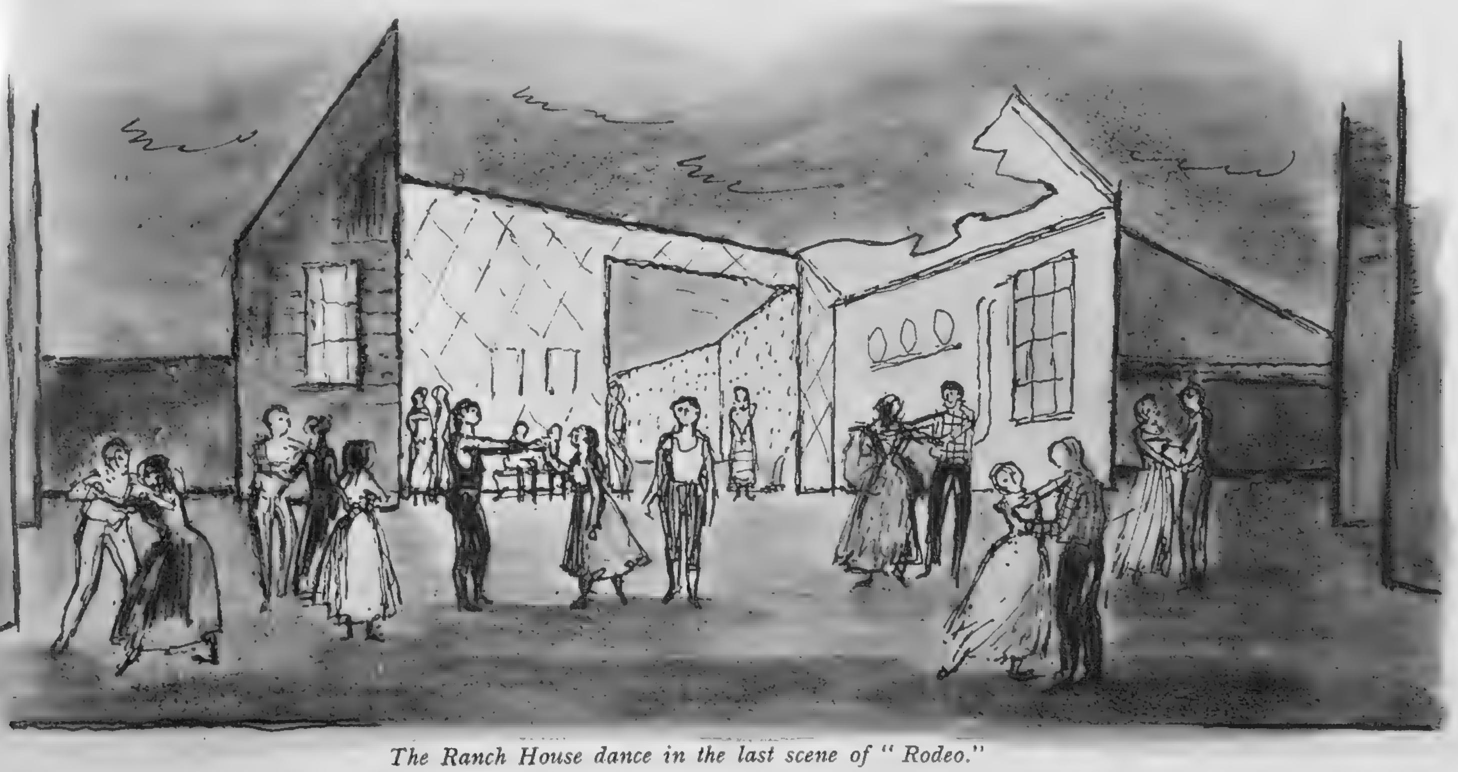
The duel scene from " Hamlet."



castanets and swaying hips. Spanish dancing is varied and rich, as befits an essentially artistic nation. The Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet is the débutante sister of a reigning queen. She has all her sister's breeding and education . . . they went to the same school . . . but she is still infectiously young in her enthusiasms.

Before leaving Edinburgh, Miss Lucia Chase, Director of the American National Ballet Theatre, refuted the suggestion made last year by Mr. Tyrone Guthrie that ballet was on the wane, and disagreed with Mr. Ian Hunter, Artistic Director of the Festival, that ballet was not growing as an art form. Certainly in Edinburgh, ballet seems to be growing in popularity, though much of the keenness is uninformed. Ballet has rightly been termed the ectoplasm of music. In varying degree of sensitivity each is dependent upon the other. In turn, both are linked with further art-forms. Ballet is a fusion of four art-forms . . . dancing, music, drama and décor. This four-fold division is frequently overlooked by the general public, who regard ballet as beauty in isolation. The tendency is understandable. There is about ballet a grace of movement that calls for no effort of appreciation on the part of the onlooker. Viewed objectively ballet might be described as one of man's outstanding emotional achievements. Yet such generalised evaluation is foreign to real appreciation which can only be reached by analysing its component parts. In practice it is impossible to isolate one of the four art-forms. Ballet in essence is dependent upon a unity of design. Where that is harmoniously achieved the hem of perfection is touched. But intelligent understanding of what is seen can only come when every aspect is subjected to thoughtful analysis. Ballet is not an easy subject to dissect. There is so much that defies definition. Even so, an average audience is quick to appreciate a faultless performance as happened when Alicia Alonso and Igor Youskevitch dazzled with their brilliance in a comparatively short work . . . the *Black Swan* pas de deux, with its famous thirty-two fouettés, for Act III. of *Le Lac des Cygnes.* What is not always appreciated by enthusiastic audiences is that in the classical ballets we are actually watching the identical steps which have been taken by a long line of ballerinas. There is this difference. The interpretation breathed into the part is affected by the dancer's reading of the music. Catholicity of interpretation knows no bounds. If it were not so, ballet would be reduced to a soulless sequence of regimented steps.

Ballet is a visual art. Alongside the classical forms there is emerging a more robustious urge to widen the partnership between author, choreographer and composer. In company with America, Spain, and other countries, we are passing through a phase of choreographic drama being used as a commentary on contemporary life. The purists may condemn the tendency, but it is part of the process by which ballet has become indigenous in these countries.



The Ranch House dance in the last scene of " Rodeo."

(Continued overleaf.)

The view from the Castle, where you can brood over the city spreadeagled at your feet and take in every detail of Princes Street—a proud thoroughfare of beauty, culture and quality—a thoroughfare worthy of a capital divided by a ravine and a ridge from much of the history of Scotland.

Left: The Scott Monument—an open Gothic cross, 200 ft. high—sheltering the figure of Sir Walter Scott in grey Carrara marble.

Right: The Canongate Tolbooth — in French style of architecture, with turrets and projecting clock.

THE EDINBURGH SCENE

EDINBURGH is a city of many moods. Nowhere am I more conscious of these contrasts than when I stand in Princes Street and look across the gardens to the serried line of pinnacles, towers, spires, turrets and the Castle. Behind that ridge lies much of the history of Scotland. The Royal Mile is Scotland in miniature. Canongate is a feast of mediæval architecture with its dark wynds, gloomy closes, stone courtyards and towering tenements out of which swarm children and women shouldering baskets of clothes on their way to the public wash-houses. With the exception of Naples, I know of no country in Europe where the Royal Palace is surrounded by such humble dwellings.

There is so much to see and learn that it is difficult to know where to begin. Ghosts of the past beckon from every side. Here a Queen walked . . . there a Reformer thundered . . . that was where the Young Pretender passed . . . here was where Mary, Queen of Scots spent her last night in Edinburgh . . . under that roof lived Robert Burns . . . in that cellar were signed the Articles of Union between England and Scotland . . . Sir Walter Scott dined there . . . Montrose was led past here on his way to execution . . . Oliver Cromwell lived in that house . . . this was " my lord Seton's lodging " . . . yonder was buried Adam Smith . . . that building over there is the quaintest dwelling in Edinburgh . . . on that site stood the Sanctuary Cross. The claims were endless and they were true. Rightly did Chalmers say, " As the main avenue from the Palace to the city, it has borne upon its pavement the burden of all that was beautiful, all that was gallant, all that has become historically interesting in Scotland for the last six or seven hundred years." In spite of its

Supplement (contd.)

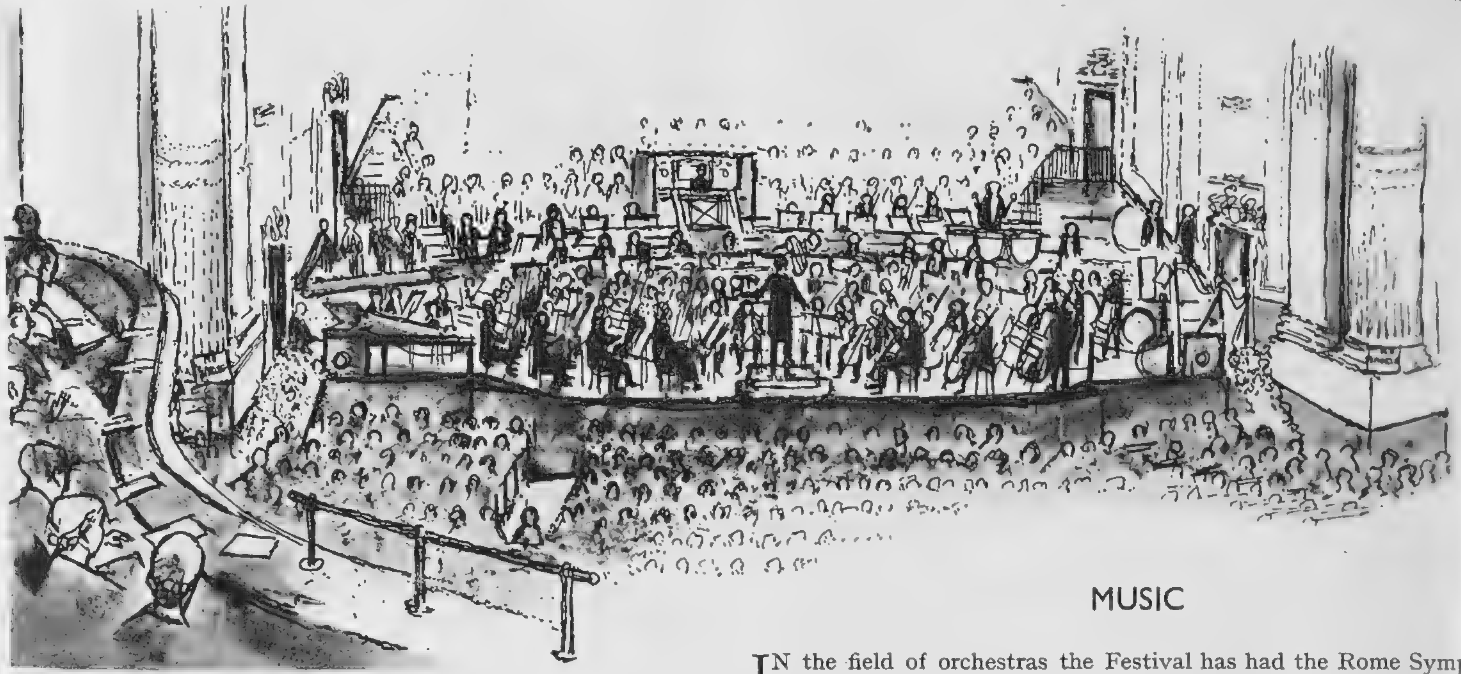
Below :
The Mercat Cross, where Royal proclamations are read by the Heralds, and the Royal Exchange, now the City Buildings.

drabness, the Royal Mile is still regal . . . the artery between Castle and Palace.

I stood in an open quadrangle before the gateway to Holyroodhouse. The building itself was disappointing. There is no comparison with the Doge's Palace or Windsor Castle. The kilted sentry guarded little else but the memories of the past, but those memories are as romantic as anything else across the Border. I found it difficult to realise that one of the saddest of Royal figures, the lovely Princess Magdalene of France, had once sheltered behind that mass of grey stone. Forty days after her marriage to James V., she passed away, a mere child of seventeen, a victim of consumption, and for the first time general mourning was observed throughout the country. In one of those shuttered rooms Mary, Queen of Scots tried in vain to reason with the tempestuous John Knox. No ironic twist of fate could have produced such diametrically-opposed antagonists. Reconciliation was out of the question. The cleric who thundered against the "vices of the Court, the immoderate dancing, and the vast whoredom, that thereof ensued," had nothing in common with this warm-blooded woman. The shadow of tragedy was ever present. It lingers still in uneasy echoes in her rooms at Holyrood, the tiny chamber where Rizzio supped with the Queen before he was murdered. It is fascinating to reconstruct that crime and re-create the life of this Scottish Queen, who sailed through thick mist into Leith to claim the throne, and six years later left her capital for the last time under the shelter of night.

Edinburgh Castle is another immense accumulation of national history. It has been besieged on more occasions than any other castle in Europe. I remember it by four features. The miniature Norman chapel, 17 ft. by 11 ft., which stands as the memorial to the Queen who ordered it to be built almost nine centuries ago . . . the small room where Mary, Queen of Scots gave birth to the infant who became James I. of England and VI. of Scotland . . . The Scottish War Memorial which, as Sir Lawrence Weaver said, "Bears much the same relation to the Hall of Honour as the sanctuary of a church to its nave"—it is unique and sacred . . . and the breath-taking view from the Argyll Battery, where you can brood over the city spreadeagled at your feet.

(Continued overleaf.)



Fernando Previtali conducting the Rome Symphony Orchestra of the Italian Radio.

The Paganini String Quartet.

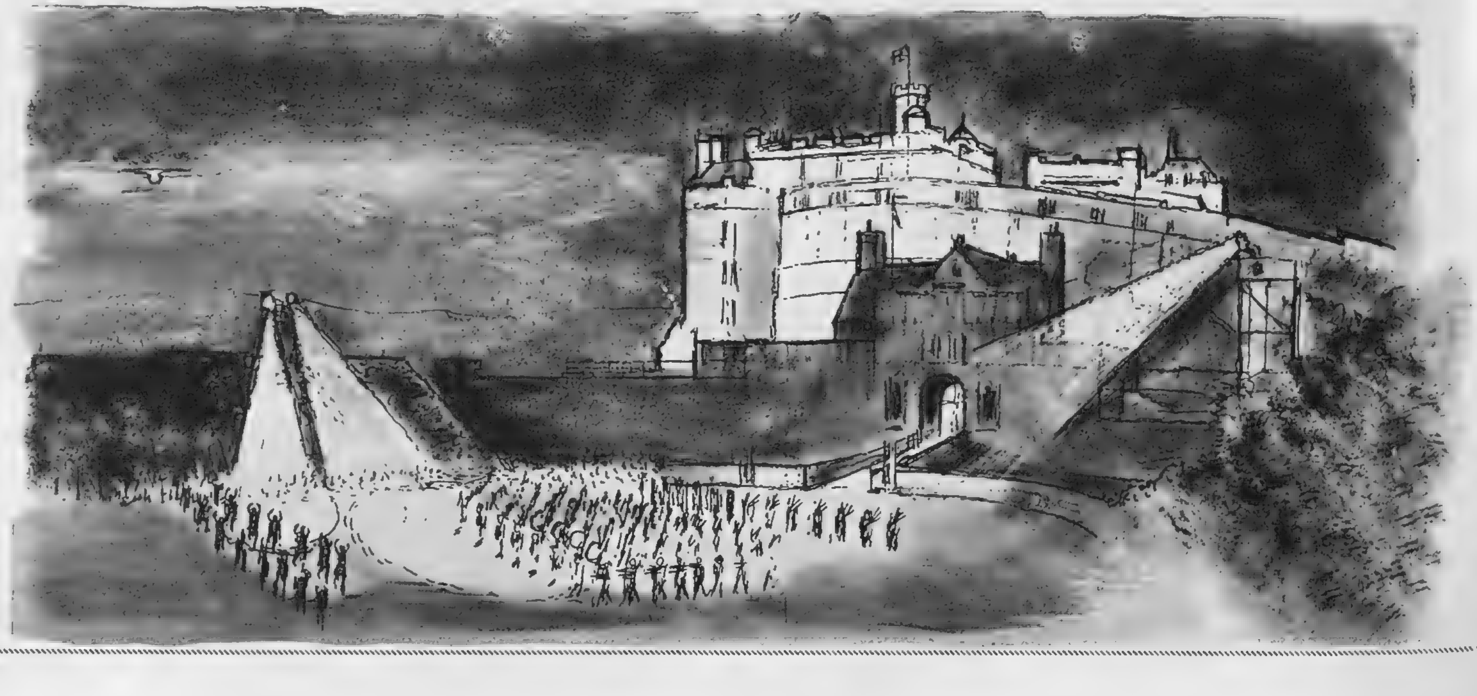
Below: The Edinburgh Tattoo—Scottish Command's contribution to the Festival.

MUSIC

IN the field of orchestras the Festival has had the Rome Symphony Orchestra, the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, the Philharmonia Orchestra and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra . . . an impressive quartet by international standards. Of their appeal, box-office returns are in no doubt. The support given by the public has proved most gratifying. In a way the response is understandable After all, the things that are fundamental can only be experienced, not expressed. The rest is always silence. After silence that which approximates most closely to expressing the inexpressible is music.

Sir Henry Hadow once described music as poetry expressed through tones instead of words. He maintained that the highest praise of sound that can be given to a language is that it is musical; that it approximates to a standard which music itself has set. No one can deny the truth of his assertion. Alongside the opening of the Walton Symphony or Beethoven's No. 7 Symphony the genius of such verbal masters as Virgil or Racine seemed rough and cumbersome. There is no limit to the bounds of musical prosody. Every metre is within its compass. In that sense music has a distinct advantage over what are known as the representative arts. The sculptor, poet and painter are circumscribed largely by the impact of life and nature. When they break away from these limitations the result, particularly in art, often ranges from absurdity to monstrosity. Music, on the other hand, is not necessarily bound by temporal matter. The artist clothes his creation by representation. The musician is not so dependent. The poet is inspired by sense-perception. The medium of his expression is designed for the world of observation.

The Festival programme of music is within the reach of all. Its full appreciation calls for critical awareness that is enjoyed by a comparative few, but on a wider basis there is something for everybody if only the initial approach is thoughtful and reasoned. The art of listening, coupled with the science of detection, can transform any concert-platform into a living canvas of tone-colours.



Scene from the first British stage performance of "The Rake's Progress."

"LA CENERENTOLA" AND "THE RAKE'S PROGRESS"

THOUGH music holds first place in this Festival of the Arts, it is perhaps the hybrid form of opera that occupies the centre of the stage. The Glyndebourne Opera maintained its high international standard of performance with productions of Rossini's *La Cenerentola : Idomeneo*, the opera in which Mozart captured the Italian serenity of Jommelli and the sincerity of Gluck; and the novelty of the first British stage performance of *The Rake's Progress*, libretto by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman, music by Igor Stravinsky.

La Cenerentola was enchanting. Since Conchita Supervia's death in 1936, few singers have done justice to the rôle of Angelina. Coloratura contralto voices capable of tackling this exacting test are rare—a fact which made the ebullient rendering of Marina de Gabarain more exciting. The timbre of her voice, the smooth phrasing and control were impeccable. The cast was exceptionally strong. The conductor, Vittorio Gui, welded the duets and ensembles into a finely-balanced, elegant pattern. Oliver Messel's sets and costumes were superb. The stage and theatre facilities of Edinburgh suit this scale of opera in which Glyndebourne has specialised. The sum-total amounted to a triumph for Professor Carl Ebert.

Every festival attempts to include an important controversial work. *The Rake's Progress* came under such a heading. As an opera, it is a paradox. Here is rich entertainment liberally sprinkled with imperfections. Stravinsky has created a work, both scintillating and perverse, that is basically pastiche. We are regaled with snatches of pseudo-Weber, pseudo-Mozart, pseudo-Bellini. The effect may be pleasing, but it is difficult to get away from the feeling that it is imitation. Even those most closely linked with the opera hold divergent views about its value. Mr. John Christie, founder of the Glyndebourne, said that though moved by the story and production, he personally did not like the music . . . he considered it had an unsatisfying musical result. Mr. Alfred Wallenstein, the conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, disagreed. He had discussed the music with Mr. Stravinsky and thought it wonderful in parts. A new work was invariably difficult to appreciate . . . to dismiss it at the first hearing was unfair to one of the greatest living composers.

So much for the experts. The audience had no doubts. The evening was an enormous success and an event in the British operatic year. The theme borrowed from the Hogarth series of pictures contained enough material for three operas. The choral writing in the brothel scene was excellent. The décor by Osbert Lancaster was magnificent. Many moments were unforgettable, in particular the ghoulish creatures of Bedlam in all their human wretchedness, and the macabre graveyard scene . . . slightly reminiscent of *Don Giovanni* . . . in which Tom saves his soul from Nick Shadow by a game of cards.

There have always been differences of opinion about Stravinsky's music. *The Rake's Progress* is not a work that can be easily assessed musically or visually, at first introduction, but there was no mistaking the warmth of the Festival verdict. Richard Lewis, the English tenor, who took over the part because of the illness of the American, David Lloyd, gave the performance of his career in the rôle of Tom Rakewell, whilst Elsie Morison as Ann was pleasing and effective.

Hopes ran high for this opera—the results were equal to the expectations.

Characters from "The Rake's Progress."

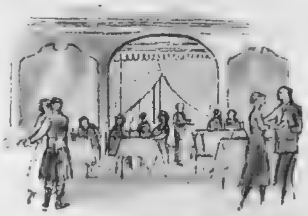
(Continued overleaf.)

Princes Street from the Scott Memorial.

John Knox's house.

THE PRINCES STREET PARADE

The clock—familiar West End landmark.



In the Pompadour Restaurant.

Coffee-time in Crawfords.

PRINCES STREET . . . of all the elegant streets in the world, none is so enigmatic as this thoroughfare of beauty, culture, and quality. I walked down it on a Saturday morning and compared it with other international streets of fashion. New York has Fifth Avenue . . . Rome the Via Condotti . . . Paris the Rue de la Paix . . . London has Bond Street. Each personifies wealth and leisure, vanity and luxury, yet I felt that none possesses the austere vitality and stately snobbishness of Princes Street.

The thoroughfare is worthy of a Capital. Everything and everybody seem unhurried. Nowhere else do tweeds look so attractive. Nowhere else have I seen so many middle-aged women openly flaunting their maturity. One hour a day . . . between eleven and noon . . . they come into their own, and then melt into the obscurity of domesticity.

It was interesting to note the different types. Girl students, probably from the Domestic Science College, hurry along for morning coffee. Unmistakable were the carefully-groomed business men with time on their hands. An occasional be-kilted officer looked militarily languid. Some of the older men look as if they are still breathing the defiance of the '45. A cleric passed, acutely conscious of his mission. Then there were the *foreigners*—Festival invaders—who would walk against the human tide instead of observing tradition. Every now and then the stream is broken by rivulets turning into Binns—McVitie's—Darlings—Mackies—Crawfords—Jenners—Forsyths. Many are content to let their eyes shop-gaze in stylishly-dressed windows.

Such is Princes Street on a Saturday morning . . . not as well-dressed as the pre-war days, but still a titillating interlude before adjourning for lunch in the Aperitif.

What else has Edinburgh to offer? Blending past and present in cryptic phrases . . . the heraldic devices in the Chapel of the Knights of the Thistle in St. Giles' Cathedral . . . the tub-thumpers at the Mound on Sunday nights . . . an extinct volcano, Arthur's Seat, which credulous maidens scale at dawn on May Day in the hope that Nature will make amends . . . seasickness in a tram-car along Lothian Road . . . the smell of breweries and new bread . . . the trek to the Zoo . . . the floral clock in Festival guise . . . the nursery of golfing history on the Meadows . . . the *laissez-faire* sprawl of urbanised suburbia . . . the soothing effect of a dinner-dance in the Pompadour.

All these concomitants . . . ancient and modern . . . give to Edinburgh its striking individuality, an individuality that comes into its own during the three glorious Festival weeks. Darkened halls and theatres, deserted platforms and stages will shortly proclaim the end of the International Festival of Music and Drama. John Knox, standing in the courtyard of the Assembly Hall, will no longer fulminate against the crowds flocking to see *Hamlet*. Throughout it all Edinburgh has behaved like a capital city. She has shown an easy grace and a fair sense of the fitness of things. Easily and spontaneously she has risen to a great occasion. By maintaining the international character and standard of this open house to the Arts, Edinburgh in these post-war years has acquired a reputation comparable to that of Bayreuth or Salzburg.

Usher Hall foyer.

Caledonian Hotel lounge.

The Scottish National Gallery.

Photographed by Houston Rogers.

Elizabethan Fare

No ; this is not an elaborate film set or an extravagant stage period piece, but a perfect replica of an Elizabethan dining-room built at the Gore Hotel, Kensington, where peacock, boar's head, mead and similar Elizabethan delights are served to the accompaniment of music from virginals and attention by serving wenches and a scullion. And it was here, strangely enough, came John Loder—having just finished playing Henry VIII. in America—returning to England after fifteen years to take the lead in *Down Came a Blackbird*, which is now on a short provincial tour before coming into the West End early in October. Enjoying the feast with Mr. Loder are his two leading ladies, Viola Keats (*left*) and Betty Paul

VISCOUNT CARLOW, heir to the Earl of Portarlington.
George Lionel Yuill Seymour, Viscount Carlow, pictured here with his brother, the Hon. John Dawson-Damer (*left*), is heir to his grandfather, Lord Portarlington, his father having been killed in 1944. Viscount Carlow, who was born in 1938, is now at Eton.

THE HON. JOHN FITZWALTER BUTLER, heir to Lord Dunboyne.
The Hon. John Butler, two-year-old son of the twenty-eighth Lord Dunboyne, will inherit a Barony which dates from 1324. Lady Dunboyne, who was formerly Miss Ann Mallet, is the daughter of Sir Victor Mallet, the British Ambassador to Italy.

THE HON. ALEXANDER NELSON HOOD, heir to Viscount Bridport.
A member of the famous Lord Nelson family, the Hon. Alexander Hood, who was born on March 17, 1948, also inherits his father's additional title of Duke of Bronte in Sicily. He and his parents live mostly at Castello di Maniace, Provincia di Catania, Sicily.

VISCOUNT GARMOYLE, heir to Earl Cairns.
Fourteen-year-old Simon Dallas, Viscount Garmoyle (*left*), shown with his brother, the Hon. Andrew Cairns, will succeed his father, the fifth Earl. Lord Cairns, who is in the Royal Navy, is at present captain of H.M.S. *Ganges*, Shotley.

FOUR YOUNG HEIRS

Photographed by Eric Coop.

AUGUST 21st.—ROYAL ENGAGEMENT. We received to-day this picture of Princess Margherita of Aosta, a cousin of the exiled King Umberto of Italy, who formally announced her engagement to Archduke Robert of Austria-Este, on August 19th.

AUGUST 22nd.—DORSET WEDDING. Mr. David Anderson Vetch, 4th Queen's Own Hussars, son of Colonel and Mrs. Vetch, married Miss Moira Anne Emmott, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Emmott and of the Hon. Mrs. Emmott, at St. George's Church, Dorchester. Over 300 guests attended the reception at Stafford House.

AUGUST 22nd.—MARRIED AT HIGHGATE. Mr. Geoffrey Holland, surgeon son of the New Zealand Prime Minister, married Miss Monica Stevens at St. Michael's Church, Highgate; the bride wore the lovely white-and-gold dress which she wore at Westminster Abbey when she attended the Coronation.

AUGUST 24th.—HOLIDAYING IN NORTHUMBERLAND. While staying with her children at Alnmouth, the Duchess of Northumberland holds her seven-week-old son and heir to be fussed by his sisters (*l. to r.*) Lady Victoria Percy, Lady Caroline Percy, and Lady Julia Percy.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

FOR a month or so most of the gaiety has departed north, leaving London pleasantly peaceful; on August 18th, the first day of York Races, Mrs. Curzon-Howe-Herrick gave a splendid dance for her daughter Marigold at their home, Clifton Castle, near Ripon. Over 300 people were there from all parts of England, and many of those living near by had house-parties. Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin, daughter of Lord Dunraven, Miss Angela Dance, Mr. Ian Campbell and Miss Mariette Salisbury-Jones, daughter of the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, were some of those dining at the castle beforehand; others who brought parties included Lady Swinton, Lady Cecilia Howard, Lady Grimthorpe and Lady Ropner.

AUGUST 20th.—Gaiety went to the West Country, too; there was a very jolly dance given for Miss Joanna Gundry by her mother at Grange, Honiton. Mrs. William Powlett, Mrs. Charles Chichester, Mrs. Stucley, Lord Poltimore's sister, and General and Mrs. Tremlett were some of those who gave dinner-parties; debs. dancing unflaggingly until six o'clock the next morning included the Misses Nicole Yarde-Buller, daughter of Lord Churston, Rosemary Stucley, Jane Bennett, Sarah Trubshawe, Jane Knight and Penelope Chichester.

AUGUST 21st.—Received a leaflet about the Trafalgar Fair to be held at Hutchinson House on October 21st in aid of the British Sailors Society. The fair, which boasts among many other attractions a Burmese stall, a "good-as-new" Boutique, and something mysterious called "Future Nelsons," will be opened at 11 a.m. by Princess Marie Louise. Lord Nelson is President, Lady Waddilove chairman, and Mrs. Oswald Meyer deputy-chairman, and among those on the hard-working committee are Mrs. Warren Pearl, Florence Lady Jellicoe, Lady Victor Paget, Sir Charles and Lady Russell, Lady Leathers, Lady Snedden and Margaret Lady Mayo.

AUGUST 22nd.—Apart from the usual spate of Highland Games, Clan Gatherings seem to be playing a prominent part in the Scottish season this summer. It was a case of "over the sea to Mull" when members of the Clan Maclean rallied at Duart Castle, the ancestral Hebridean seat of their Chief, Sir Charles Maclean. Most of the guests had travelled long distances before embarking at Oban for the rather choppy crossing over the Sound of Mull. On arrival they were piped down the castle avenue by Hector Maclean, who played a new air, "Major Sir Charles Maclean of Duart," in honour of the occasion. Sir Charles, his attractive wife, the former Miss Elizabeth Mann, and

Continued overleaf.

AUGUST 24th.—ABROAD. The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Rupert De la Bère, who is on an official visit to Denmark, pictured at Amalienborg Castle between Queen Ingrid and King Frederick with Mr. Robert Cecil (*right*), the British Chargé d'Affaires. Later he attended an official banquet at the Town Hall.

AUGUST 24th.—OPENING CEREMONY. Lady Dalkeith sits between Mrs. George Cook (*left*), who is President of the National Council of Women, and Miss Ann MacPherson, after officially opening the Three Weeks' Club at the Gartshore Hall in George Street, Edinburgh.

AUGUST 25th.—EN ROUTE FOR BURMA. Mr. Paul Gore-Booth, the newly-appointed British Ambassador to Burma, arrived at Southampton with his wife and daughter Celia. They have come from Washington, where until recently Mr. Gore-Booth was Director-General of British Information Services in the United States, a post he has held since 1949.

AUGUST 26th.—MORE FROM EDINBURGH. Lady Harewood (*foreground*), accompanied by her husband and Lady Rosebery, visited the Scottish Craft Centre for contemporary work at Acheson House.

Our Social Diary (contd.)

their two children Lachlan and Janet, greeted people at the courtyard entrance of their historic home, which is a romantic old fortress built on the crest of a precipitous rock overlooking the sea, and from whose windows, on a fine day, one can see Ben Nevis and the Glencoe peaks. Clan members, headed by Colonel Gardner Maclean, included Mr. Maclean Walker, of Providence, U.S.A., who was staying in the Ross of Mull.

AUGUST 24th.—London really came out of its August slumber and celebrities seemed suddenly to appear from nowhere—photographers were busy firing flashbulbs in all directions as people, including most of the V.I.P.s in the ballet world, arrived at the Stoll for the first night of Roland Petit's *Ballets de Paris* (see also pages 226-227). In the first interval, serious-minded balletomanes hurried to revive themselves after the shock of the devastating *Ciné-Bijou*, M. Petit's latest ballet in which everything happens at breathtaking speed and the ballerina even sings! We saw the Cuban Ambassador and his wife, Miss Sally Ann Vivian, Mrs. Peter Kirwan Taylor, in flowered chiffon, Lady Deidre Hare, a frequent first-nighter, and Mr. Felix Hope-Nicholson. Watching from a box was the Comte de Crouy-Chanel, the French Minister; afterwards we went on to a delightful supper party he gave for members of the company and friends at the French Embassy. There we found Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald, in vivid green, escorted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, M. Luc, from the French Embassy in Berne, Princess Berar, daughter of the last Sultan of Turkey, sitting with Gerard Philippe, the French actor, and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Selby Bennett talking to ballerina Colette Marchand, and Mr. Beverley Nichols telling Mr. Peter Ustinov about his cats, which are called by numbers instead of names—"at the moment only Nos. 1, 4 and 5 are flourishing."

AUGUST 25th.—On the English Riviera, Torquay to be exact, yachtsmen and their friends danced until 1 a.m. at the Royal Torbay Yacht Club's Regatta Ball at the Imperial Hotel. Sir Reginald Leeds, the Club's commodore, and Mr. C. J. H. Wollen, Vice-Commodore, brought a large party, which included Mr. Wollen's son Richard and daughter Juliet. Miss Anne Brooke-Hitching, Mr. Patrick Huggins, Lieut. Michael Jones, who had been crewing in the Duke of Edinburgh's Dragon-class yacht *Bluebottle*, and Mr. Simon Jeffery were a few more of the many young people about; seen watching the fireworks were Miss Gillian MacPherson, Mr. and Mrs. David Miller, Mr. Christopher Watson and Mr. and Mrs. John Hutchings.

AUGUST 26th.—Sir Charles and Lady Belgrave gave a party at the May Fair Hotel for twenty-one-year-old Sheikh Isa and Sheikh Khalifa, eighteen, sons of the wealthy ruler of Bahrein, who with two cousins have been spending a fortnight in England. We saw the Ambassadors from Lebanon, Syria, Egypt and Saudi-Arabia; on the British side were Lord and Lady Monkswell, Air Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty, who was the first man to fly an aeroplane to Bahrein, Sir Miles

AUGUST 25th.—FIRST NIGHT AT THE ARTS THEATRE. Lady Deidre Hare (*right*) and Miss Caroline Blakiston in the foyer of the Arts Theatre during an interval on the opening night of Pirandello's *Henry IV.* performed by the Cambridge Arts Theatre Trust's summer festival company.

AUGUST 25th.—AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL. Having a drink together at the Festival Club in George Street were Mrs. Henry Sherek, sister of Lord Falmouth and wife of the well-known theatrical impresario, who presented T. S. Eliot's new play, and Mr. Isaac Stern, the celebrated violinist.

AUGUST 27th.—IN THE STEPS OF THE ROMANS. Lord Noel-Buxton succeeded in wading across the River Humber, at a point 1¼ miles wide, where he believed a ford existed in Roman times. A helicopter hovered above him just in case of accidents.

AUGUST 28th.—FESTIVAL PARTY. Brigadier Alastair Maclean, who organised Scottish Command's Edinburgh Tattoo, and his wife were at a party given by the Arts Council at the Albyn Restaurant.

AUGUST 31st.—GOLF. Fourteen-year-old Glenna Critchley, daughter of the famous Diana Fishwick (Mrs. A. C. Critchley), practises at Wentworth Course for the girls' open championship

and Lady Thomas, and Sir Henry and Lady Holland. Mr. Charles Belgrave, son of Sir Charles who is Adviser to the Bahrein Government, said he had had a hectic time "chaperoning" Sheikh Isa and the other three—their two absorbing delights were window-shopping and fun fairs. Apparently they had visited the Festival Gardens five times, and were scurrying down to Southsea the following day to taste the delights of seaside dodgems and rifle ranges.

AUGUST 27th.—Simpson's Services Club was absolutely packed for a reception in honour of the Australian Cricket Team—we listened to speeches by Dr. Leonard Simpson, Mr. Trevor Bailey, captain of the Gentlemen of England team, Mr. Lindsay Hassett, the Australian captain, and Sir Donald Bradman, celebrating his forty-fifth birthday. Captain Anthony Kimmins—he is a Lord's Taverner—and his wife looked in; Lord Simon was chatting to Sir Harry Brittain, and we also saw Sir Eric and Lady Von Bibra, Sir Arthur Porritt and Sir Harold Bowden.

We were invited to lunch with under-the-sea explorers Dr. Hans Haas and his pretty wife, just off to the Caribbean, but North Sea gales delayed them until 5 p.m. Luckily the organisers on shore were equal to the crisis; Dr. Haas had radioed that his cook had deserted an hour before they left Hamburg, so everyone tucked in to smoked salmon and peaches miraculously produced on the quayside.

AUGUST 29th.—In Ireland a non-stop downpour of rain for twenty-four hours beforehand did not prevent an enormous crowd from turning up at the Curragh races—the first "serious" meeting since the Horse Show. Everyone came in waterproofs, brogues and dark, autumny-looking hats, but it soon cleared up completely and people enjoyed an interesting, if not very profitable, afternoon's sport. Up on the new stand were Lord and Lady Dunraven, down from Co. Limerick, talking to Lady Ainsworth and Major Dermot McCalmont, who was with his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Victor McCalmont. Lady Bury, whose brilliant staying filly *Northern Gleam* came second in the big race, was in the paddock with Mrs. Frank Vickerman and Mrs. E. J. King. Others about included the Baron de Roebeck, Lord Fingal, who was discussing the card with Major Bruce Ogilvy, Colonel Hill Dillon, Mrs. Bryan Fowler, wife of the international polo player, Mr. John de Pret Roose, and Mr. Andrew Levins Moore, former Master of the Ward Stag Hounds, and his wife, who had an enormous and very jolly cocktail party after the races.

AUGUST 29th.—Summing up the social marathon of the Edinburgh Festival's first dramatic week, nothing could have been more enjoyable than the supper parties given nightly at the Festival Club by the Lord Provost, Sir James Miller, and his charming wife. One evening the Princess Royal, Lord and Lady Harewood, Lady Rosebery, who was the Princess's hostess at Dalmeny, and the Yugoslav Ambassador and Madame Velebit were there; on another occasion we found quite a collection of theatrical talent eating a buffet supper. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sherek were having a very earnest conversation with Mr. T. S Eliot; elegant Margaret Leighton came in with Michael Benthall, others seen were Isaac Stern, the celebrated violinist, and, of course, the Festival's Artistic Director, Ian Hunter, and his wife.

TALKING OF TELEVISION: by CYRIL BUTCHER

The Thriller Type of Play

HAVING torn up several pages of preliminary drafts and bitten my nails down to my elbows in the attempt, I have come to the conclusion that discussing a thriller type of play is just about the most difficult task one can indulge in. For, to give away its *dénouement*—while presumably not actionable—is calculated to throw the author and producer into a frenzy and ruin the enjoyment of the audience. It definitely is not cricket—or any other form of human diversion—where fair play is expected to reign supreme.

In the case of the thriller of action, or the "whodunit," the problem is not so acute. You just tell the story up to the last page or two and then say "Ah," or use some sort of euphemism like: "I will not ruin your pleasure by telling you what happens in the end."

But when you deal with the psychological thriller, where the tension of the play is derived from the personalities of its characters, you're really up against it. You either write completely meaningless drivel, or you have to give a secret or two away. So I hope Malcolm Stewart will forgive me if I divulge a hint here and there anent his very well-written play, *The Return of Peggy Atherton,* which is to be televised on September 20th.

We find ourselves, in the winter of 1946, snugly ensconced in the lounge of a small hotel in Dorsetshire. It is the sort of hotel, which I have yet to discover in Great Britain, where the wishes and well-being of the guests are not only of interest, but of concern to the staff and management. The management in this case consist of Mr. and Mrs. Drew—Hubert and Mary—as likeable a couple as one is liable to meet. Hubert has only just returned from dealing with World War II., during which time he has got himself wounded. Staying in the hotel, as "regulars," are three divergent types: Mrs. Hickory, a somewhat common, but gold-hearted woman of ample means, Geoffrey Delamere, who tears up page after page of notes in the effort to write a detective novel, and Miss Amesbury—also possessed of ample funds—who devotes a great deal of her time and energy in good works around the village, and who, consequently, has become a great buddy of the local parson. Now, into this atmosphere of peace and amiability there come the first threatening rumbles of drama. Apparently Mary—running the hotel single-handed during the war years—had, during a short holiday at Torquay, behaved herself with a certain lack of discretion with a monstrosity, yclept Challis.

But the past has a habit of catching up with one. Mr. Challis arrives at the hotel, books the best room in the house and proceeds to down an alarming number of double whiskys. To pass the time profitably, he now proceeds to blackmail Mary and then—inspired by a flash of memory—he decides to add Miss Amesbury to his bag as well. Mary, lacking experience in these matters, pays; but Miss Amesbury's treatment of blackmailers is somewhat less conciliatory. That solves one problem very neatly, but there remains the question: can one swindle fate by running away from the consequences of one's actions? What happens to Peggy Atherton, who once, as a young girl, killed a man by smartly sticking him with a steel knitting needle? At the time she managed to escape. Does the past catch up with her now? "*Ah!*"

There is another play to which the final answer must be left unsaid. This is *High Horse,* by Gerard Tyrrell, which is down on the schedule for September 22nd.

The theorem might be set out as one of those examination questions which made our academic days such misery. "(*a*) A man does not approve of the woman he loves having an independent career of her own. True or false? (*b*) A woman desires to be mastered. She has a contempt for the gentle man and is full of submissive admiration for the man who goes to the length of physical violence to assert his mastery. True or false? Give your answers to these two propositions and discuss them to the length of not less than seventy pages of foolscap."

Mr. Tyrrell sets to work with courage and economy—for his play is limited to four characters. There is George Buchanan, the master of a house in snow-swept Dumfriesshire—a man of the Bulldog Breed if ever there was one—who knows nothing of literature and is only devoted to his wife, his horses, his port and his gun (not necessarily in that order). When he finds that his wife, Letitia—who writes trashy novels about love and other subjects of which she has no first-hand knowledge—has put him into her latest book (together with some rather embarrassing personal revelations) he ups and leaves her.

Then there is Diana Temple, his ward who is determined to make a successful career on the stage. And lastly we meet Christopher Wills, another writer of trashy novels, who uses that questionable, but highly profitable gift to work off his lover's pangs when Diana leaves him flat to pursue her career. A telephone call offering her a part in the West End causes her to leave him flat again, and as this coincides with George's walk-out, the two set out to catch the next train. Owing to a convenient rail strike and a fortuitous snowdrift, they cannot make London, so they come back to Letitia and Christopher—at which point the fun begins in real earnest.

Just what marks Mr. Tyrrell will earn for his paper I hesitate to foretell. But if it does not raise a howl from that section of British womanhood which is given to writing letters to the B.B.C., I shall be very much surprised. Whether that is a bad thing, for the author, is another answer I am not prepared to give.

CATEGORICALLY SPEAKING . . .

Good

The Nine Days' Wonder, by Constance Cox. A play about the great tragedian Charles Kemble and a fiendish boy prodigy. Nice production by Tatiana Lieven and *very* nice performances by Margaretta Scott, Laidman Browne, André van Gyseghem and Helen Pickard.

Two beautiful concerto performances—again from the Edinburgh Festival. Gioconda de Vito, with the Rome Symphony Orchestra conducted by Fernando Previtali, gave the 22nd Violin Concerto by Viotti much more meaning than the composer deserved, by her impeccable technique and exquisite tonal imagery. And Solomon, with Sir Malcolm Sargent and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, made Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3 a thing of heartbreaking loveliness. I cannot remember being so moved by the second movement before.

Bad

Portrait by Peko, by P. N. Walker-Taylor. I found this a screamingly boring and silly play about amoral characters in an amoral plot. No blame to be attached to producer Lionel Harris, whose work was a model of smoothness. The cast tried to make bricks without straw, and only Patrick Barr succeeded. And this is the play that is being taken to Germany as representative of British television!

I am told that the audience booed the first performance of *The Broken Jug,* by Henrich von Kleist, when it was produced by Goethe in 1808. You should have heard my private comments when I switched off after straining my eyes over the tele-recording of it in 1953!

THIS WEEK . . .

TERRY-THOMAS

Terry-Thomas, about whose How Do You View *I have been guilty of being snooty in the past. Subsequent comedian shows have taught me how wrong I was. Anyway, you will be able to see him to-night (Sept. 9th) in that familiar programme, televised from the studio at the National Radio and Television Exhibition. With him are the well-known supporting cast, including Avril Angers—who, I think, is the most brilliant comedienne in this country—H. C. Walton, Janet Brown, Peter Butterworth, Benny Lee and Leslie Mitchell. Or, if you prefer an even madder comedian, you can have him to-morrow night, from the same venue, in the* Frankie Howerd Show, *which, I am assured, will be a riot of non-stop lunacy.* Music Hall, *which finishes the emanations from Earl's Court, will feature the Toppers in leather!*

URSULA JEANS

Ursula Jeans will be appearing with her stage, and life, partner, that brilliant actor, Roger Livesey, in Seven Women *next Saturday, September 12th. This short play, by the immortal J. M. Barrie, is the third of the series of four which are replacing the Saturday night serial for the time being. After* The Quatermass Experiment, *which went out in a blaze of horrific glory, viewers must find Barrie's gentle whimsy somewhat of a rest cure. This one is about a man who finds the woman he loves rather difficult to cope with, as she seems to have seven entirely different personalities. Incidentally, let no one kid themselves they have seen and heard the last of* The Quatermass Experiment. *I understand that a film company is negotiating for it, and it is to be done in an omnibus form in January.*

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Anton.

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

A Star made by a Single Film

Roman Holiday

(*Carlton*)

IF ever a star was made by a single film, that star is Audrey Hepburn, and the film *Roman Holiday*. Britain's Miss Hepburn was known to comparatively few before she was chosen by producer-director William Wyler to play opposite Gregory Peck in this enchanting picture. Now she will be known to millions, and I don't see how anything short of exceptionally bad luck or a row of unnaturally bad vehicles can check a promising career.

The film was shot in Rome for a Hollywood company, and is a most accomplished piece of work in every way; accomplished in direction, in acting, in photography, and in writing. It is nice, by the way, to find an Englishman, John Dighton (*The Happiest Days of Your Life*), collaborating with an American, Ian McLellan Hunter, on such a sparkling screen play. Nice, too, to find that the small cast contains two other British players besides Miss Hepburn—distinguished stage actors Margaret Rawlings and Harcourt Williams; not to mention America's Hartley Power, who came over here with the New York production of *Broadway*, and has lived and worked in this country for so long that we have grown to regard him with affection as one of our own.

Roman Holiday tells the story of a nineteen-year-old princess, who steals away from her country's embassy during a formal goodwill tour of Europe, and spends an informal twenty-four hours seeing Rome in the company of an American newspaper-man. His idea, of course, is to get a scoop for his paper; hers to enjoy every moment of her freedom. Unversed in the ways of journalism, she is blissfully unaware that the American's assistant, armed with a tiny lighter-camera, is making a picture record of the day's fun.

That the princess and the newspaper-man fall in love goes without saying. But it is very much to the credit of the writers that no attempt has been made, either to give the story a conventionally happy ending, or to create an issue out of the deception. What is done, and finely done, is to show that a princess must always be a princess, and that a journalist can be a gentleman. The closing scene, in which her Royal Highness formally receives the representative of the world's Press, and accepts the small roll of photographs quietly slipped into her hand, is a model of decorum; and, largely on account of its restraint, quite unusually touching. This is *right*; this is just how it would happen, we feel.

Melba

(*Odeon, Leicester Square*)

MOST people to-day know two things about Melba; that she was one of the world's most celebrated singers, and that a delicacy of peach and ice-cream was named after her. The film shows how both these things came about.

Melba is technically a British film, made with a preponderance of artists from this country. But the name-part is played by a young and brilliant singer from the New York Metropolitan Opera, Patrice Munsel; producer, director and screenwriter are all Americans, and the whole piece has the lavish, luxuriant artlessness of a Hollywood dream.

Australia's Nellie Melba had one of the greatest voices of all time. She was also a woman who lived fully and vigorously. The film gets close to hinting at the first; dodges the second with circumspection. It tells an unexceptionable story of a gauche young girl who leaves her father's ranch near Melbourne to seek her fortune as a singer in the Paris of the 1880's. She contrives, by a series of arch-manœuvres, to be accepted as a pupil by the great Mathilde Marchesi; makes a sneak début in *Rigoletto* at the Brussels Opera, and an official one in *Lucia di Lammermoor* at Covent Garden. Thereafter she goes from triumph to triumph, followed at a discreet distance by a couple of rich English suitors (Alec Clunes and John Justin). At the peak of her youthful career, after a sensational performance of *La Bohème*, she is persuaded by the moonlight and magic of Monte Carlo to marry her childhood sweetheart, cattleman Charles Armstrong (John McCallum).

But in spite of their affection for one another, the couple find that beef and opera don't mix. In the nicest possible way, without any sort of recriminations, he goes back to his ranch in Australia, she accepts a contract to sing for Oscar Hammerstein in America. The parting is glossed over by a few sustaining words from Queen Victoria (Dame Sybil Thorndike), who assures Melba that she, too, has learnt to get along without a husband, and the general assumption that a girl can't be expected to stick to herds and housewifery when God has given her a golden voice.

Melba, as it should be, is contrived to feature singing. Patrice Munsel sings arias or snippets from no fewer than eleven different operas; adding *Comin' Through the Rye*, *On Wings of Song* and *Ave Maria* for good measure. She also introduces a dreamy ballad called *Is This the Beginning of Love?* which is likely (to my taste regrettably) to prove the hit-song of the picture. Her tone is brilliant, and there is something about her style that suggests an American Pat Kirkwood; looks, show sense and everything.

The acting honours of the film, however, go without question to our Martita Hunt, who plays the formidable Madame Marchesi as only the noble-minded can, with tremendous authority but complete unselfishness; weaving her own line like a golden thread through the complicated pattern of the whole.

The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms

(*London Pavilion*)

THE twenty years that have passed since King Kong bestrode the skyscrapers like a colossus have taught The Industry very little about making this sort of film.

The unhappy beast of the present work—a huge prehistoric lizard—is accidentally released by an atomic explosion from the iceberg where he has slept for millions of years, somewhere in the Arctic Circle. After an appetising snack of a trawler and a lighthouse, he floats down to New York for his first square meal of stockbrokers and policemen. Here he is quickly despatched by a "radioactive isotope," shot into him while he is devouring the scenic railway of a Manhattan amusement park.

It is a new idea that the blood from the monster's wounds should be dangerous because it carries prehistoric germs against which modern man is no longer immune, but otherwise there has been little advance in imagination since the *King Kong* days. The beast still moves jerkily, and varies alarmingly in size. At one time he is seven storeys high, but he never *seemed* as big or as menacing as one remembers King Kong to have been. The script adds little to his plausibility, especially when it invites us to compare him with "the celebrated Loch Lomond monster." Of the human acting I would prefer not to speak.

For my own part, I never found this particular beast frightening at all; if anything, rather discriminating and ill-used.

People Who Matter

MR. THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT
(Playwright, Poet)

TO examine through brown-rimmed glasses the thin gold chain on the grey tweed waistcoat, Mr. T. S. Eliot, O.M., bent his grey head and sought to discuss my questions on The Confidential Clerk, *poetry, food, the theatre, motoring illusions. From most parts of the world critics had descended on the best hotels in civilised Edinburgh to attend the première of Eliot's new offering at the Festival. The fabulously successful and now fashionable playwright, the shy poet in the voice of the disappointed man, spoke to me in a room with a large table covered with white tablecloth, overlooking a modest garden. The hotel was modest, far from the fashionable edifices in the beautiful capital. Tall, Eliot stoops; he has achieved financial triumphs, uniquely ubiquitous recognition. Yet the modesty, of bearing, expression, reflection, seems to square with diffidence. Obduracy over food—"I dislike breakfast cereals, tripe, the British fashion of covering vegetables with white sauce and the American habit of drowning mixed salads with mayonnaise"—emphasises the æsthetic jawbone in a carefully proportioned, cultivated high-domed head. Grey silk handkerchief in breast pocket, grey silk socks, tie, collar, shirt matched. But the suit was tired—in keeping with the voice that suggests that the outside world's applause, in 1948, the Nobel Prize, and King George's decision to bestow the Order of Merit, came just too late—a year after the passing of the lady who would have delighted to share the sunshine of approval. After Harvard in his native America, Eliot spent a year in the Sorbonne, went on to Oxford. Honorary doctorates have showered from Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Bristol, Leeds, Edinburgh, Munich, Aix-Marseille. At sixty-five a British citizen by naturalisation, Eliot is uncertain of the values of poetry, always gets his opinions checked by younger people. The theatre? "There is in this country much better acting talent than good plays. But I am not much of a theatregoer. I read in the evenings and play patience. I fail to see even many of the good things." Where to learn? "Not from contemporaries. One can do better with Sophocles and Ibsen and Racine than Shakespeare—he is too close to one and too overwhelming."*

He has done a "fair amount" of rewriting of The Confidential Clerk, *especially the concluding portion. Before the London presentation later this month he is taking a holiday in Switzerland. He has not driven for twenty years, will probably never drive a car. He prefers to see the country rather than look at the road, does not derive the enjoyment of power some people sense behind the wheel. "Yes," he agrees, the sad face turning from waistcoat chain to red flowers in stone vase: "I have had a great deal of kindness in my life." But the voice registers little of joy in success, and he answers, every word thought out, carved: "The saying I use most often? Perhaps it is, 'Making the best of a bad job.'" Message in the play? "There is no message in it. The play is the message, or whatever people create out of it. . . ." My hour of courtesy seemed ten minutes.* G.B.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

Brown is Back

Brown, making a dramatic reappearance on the fashion scene, is used here in a flattering, platinum shade, for a rustling taffeta, draped, evening dress, the skirt flowing away from a low-fitting waistline. The evening coat in white velvet has a deep, bordering frill of matching taffeta. From Ronald Paterson, 25, Albemarle Street.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Studio Hanover.

Report on the London

Elegance in tweed. A slim-fitting dress in beige and brown Otterburn tweed, high-necked, with a back pleat in the skirt, worn under a three-quarter coat in matching tweed, lined, cuffed and collared with nutria. By Mattli, 12, Upper Grosvenor Street. The nutria-coloured hat is by Madame Vernier, George Street.

After a summer of producing dresses in the grand manner, the Couturiers have in their Autumn Collections shown the quiet, restrained Town-and-Country clothes, which are this country's greatest contribution to the fashion scene. The line in general is long and slim, but the particular effect is of great femininity, even with the strictest tailoring. There is terrific bosom emphasis, by darts, flaps, draping, tiny false boleros, real or unreal spencers and yoke interest. Waists are often beltless, with a fluid line, and the hips and stomach are given a long curving line.

Suits are perfect—a wide range of soft and subtly-coloured tweeds, impeccably tailored in the true English tradition. All are slim-skirted, with soft shoulders, often collarless and often high-necked. *Michael* (late of Lachasse) has developed his dramatic full, low shoulder-line, with high, collarless necklines. *John Cavanagh's* suits have beautifully-moulded jackets, which are a dream to see ; *Hardy Amies* shows ingenious use of pleats to give movement to his narrow skirts.

Coats. For town wear the princess line predominates, with loose, not bulky coats in nubbly tweeds, often fur-lined, for wear over suits and dresses. They are often three-quarter or seven-eighths in length, to show the suit or dress beneath.

A supreme example of English casual tailoring, shown in this cardigan suit, collarless and slim-fitting, with shining buttons, in beige and black light-weight tweed, worn under a short, boxy jacket in heavier-weight tweed. By Hardy Amies, 14, Saville Row. The beige melusine hat is from Madame Vernier, George Street.

Understatement, combined with elegance in the Molyneux tradition, is shown throughout the collection of John Cavanagh, 26, Curzon Street. Here is a loose jacket in pink wool, all emphasis below the shoulder-line, worn over a needle-slim suit in black and dark grey striped wool. The pink pancake hat is by Simone Mirman, Chesham Place.

PORTFOLIO (continued)

Couture Collections

Dresses. Again the princess line, with a subtly-emphasised waist and high, collarless necklines, giving length to the general effect. Tweed dresses are shown in nearly every collection, slim and straight at *Mattli,* with pleated skirts at *Victor Stiebel.* After-Six dresses are dark and discreet, with an occasional extravaganza like *Cavanagh's* red satin theatre dress, worn under a white satin fur-lined tailored coat; or *Worth's* silvery-gold imprimé gauze short evening dress. There is a lot of black—lace, velvet, taffeta, jersey, chiffon and satin—a background for the lovely jewellery which has abounded this year.

Fabrics. The general impression is the variety, the colourings, the thickness and softness and even luxury of the tweeds used. It is a tweed winter. Leather also appears again, a perfect partner for tweed. *Charles Creed* trims a suit with it, *Michael Sherard* has a whole skirt and long coat in green leather, with a pink suede blouse.

Colours are exciting, with interesting combinations. Brown comes back as a fashion colour, in every shade, with lots of subtle, indeterminate blendings, and dramatically for evening. There is much green, in varying shades, and a cheering pinkish-red appears in every collection, with the name "Winter Pink."

The classic tweed suit of the casually correct kind—the perfect product of English tailoring. In brown-and-white-striped tweed, impeccably cut and pleated, the jacket is single-breasted, with a velvet collar, worn over a blue linen shirt with a velvet bow at the neck. From Digby Morton, Grosvenor Hill. The hat is by Rudolf.

One of the exciting suits by Michael, of 2, Carlos Place. Purple and black tweed makes this tightly-belted jacket, with its enormous buttons and curved shoulder-line, worn with a slim, slim skirt. With its high, fitting hat, the silhouette has its origin in the flowing outlines of a T'ang Dynasty figure.

A camel-hair coat, here reversible with checks, single-breasted and patch-pocketed, worn over the season's fashion highlight, the tweed dress, in soft, beige herringbone cashmere. The dress is soft-shouldered, with an all-round pleated skirt. From Victor Stiebel, at Jacqmar, 16, Grosvenor Street. The fringed, casual hat is by Edelle, Davies Street.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

As tweed is Autumn news for town or country, and the three-piece is the basis for a winter wardrobe, it is pleasing to find the two ideally and reasonably combined in a Harris tweed suit and coat, in a variety of colour mixture. The suit is single-breasted, with a straight skirt, pleated for easy movement. The coat is tailored and easy like a man's. From John Barker, price 15 guineas for the three-piece. The pull-on felt hat is from Ladymere, Kensington.

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TALES WITH A STING

Death in the Junkyard

By B. L. JACOT

HE was stirring his coffee at the end of the counter when Joe moved over, wiping the zinc top as he came. Joe lifted his cup and wiped under it and said quietly: "The Boss wants you in the back."

Dizzy got off the stool and walked on through. "I got a job for you, Dizzy," the big man told him. "Show him what 's in it first."

One of the three men began to count out notes on to the table—four piles of ten. "Forty pound like you said, Boss."

The Boss said: "It 's like this. I 'm out with Fred the night before last and we was making it fast along the Great West Road, and I 'll tell you why we was making it fast. We got something in the back, see? It 's my own car. The Buick. Not one snitched for the job.

"Well, before we know, we see a cop on a motor-bike coming up behind us fast and we couldn't let him stop us for speeding, could we? So when he came up I give him the elbow to ditch him. Only we took him under the wheels. When Fred is garaging the Buick he sees there 's blood on the bumper and the wing is dented, so he runs it round to a place to get it straightened out."

Dizzy moistened his lips. "What do I have to do?"

"Find where he took the Buick. Fred got windy and blew. He reckoned the police would put out a notice asking about any car with damage to the front end and maybe blood on it. They don't care about having cops knocked off. And he was right. They put out the notice—see?"

"Fred scares easy," Dizzy recalled.

"Find out from his wife where he took the Buick and see that no one there remembers."

"Okay."

It chanced that he and Fred were neighbours, so the first thing he did was to go round to Fred's house. "I just heard about Fred going off," he said. "Too bad, but he shouldn't have taken the car without telling the Boss first."

The street at this hour was empty but over the roofs you could see the fan of light spreading from the dog track. Every now and again a train would sway and crash along the overhead track, filling the darkness with vivid streaks of light.

"He 'll be back," the woman said. "Fred 'phoned, but they 'd gone out again to get rid of the stuff, so he didn't want to take any chances of the police coming round and finding the car in the garage with the blood on it and the place on the wing where they 'd hit the chap."

"Yes," Dizzy said. "They might have come looking at that, and I 'm not saying it was Fred's fault. He scares easy and hasn't got the nerve for this sort of job. I got to try and fix it for the Boss so 's no one starts blabbing."

"I don't know where he 's gone."

"I don't want Fred. He 's welcome to blow if he wants to."

"I wish he 'd never got mixed up in it."

"No one 's going to know he ever was—if you act sensible now. Where 'd he take the car?"

"He never told me. He never tells me nothing like that."

"That pal of his in the trade? He 's often told me about that pal of his." Dizzy watched another train thunder by.

"I don't know where he took it. He tried to telephone the Boss, then he began to sweat. He thought people would be noticing in the street, and the car was outside our house here all the time. He got himself in a state, then he took the car off. He wasn't gone long."

"How long? This is important."

"Not more than twenty minutes. I had his supper waiting."

"Okay, Moira girl," Dizzy said. "Keep smiling. I got to get this job fixed, and there ain't going to be no trouble."

Dizzy worked round the district until he found a man who knew the place. An old man was working alone in a shop under the railway arches. He had an oxy-acetylene welding pipe and was packing up the cylinders for the night when Dizzy walked in on him.

"I got a job I want done—now," Dizzy said. "Don't pack up."

"I 'm leaving," the other said. "I don't know you."

"You know a pal of mine. You done a job for him. You worked at night to get it done. Before anyone came along to see it. This pal of mine——"

"I 've done no jobs except my regular work here. I don't know your pal. The boss has been away for a week. You 'll have to see him about your job."

Dizzy could see the sudden scare in the other's eyes.

"Well, my pal 's name is Hemmings—Fred Hemmings—and I 'm a pal of his. Pal of his wife, too. Ask Moira. Did anyone else know of this job you done for Fred?"

The newcomer's eyes were going over the building. There was a trolley used for moving the cylinders and this could easily be used for moving something else, couldn't it? It could be trundled across the yard to the junk-heap under the railway arch and anything tipped there among the old car bodies and scrap would stay there for a long time. Perhaps it would never be found at all . . .

"Who else knew about this job you did?" he asked.

"I tell you I been on my own here and I ain't done no job for nobody."

"That 's what I wanted to hear, boy! Now I 'll let you in on something—see?" He opened his wallet and showed the other the thick wad of bank-notes. "You never seen no Buick and you straightened out no bumpers."

Dizzy was thinking: The Boss said I was to see he didn't talk. But this old coot drinks and he looks scared—as if he doesn't know what to do. If a man drinks he will talk. . . . And what 's the good of paying away good money?

The noise of the trains would cover up anything that needed to be covered up, *and no one had seen him come into the place.*

"C'here," Dizzy ordered. He moved nearer to the tool-rack where any amount of heavy tools were lying handy. "What have you seen in this place, in case anyone asks you? Coppers, for instance."

"I ain't seen nothing and I don't know nothing about no Buick."

"Okay! That 's the sort of talk I like to hear. Come and get your cut of this little lot."

The old man's eyes seemed drawn to the money but he still hesitated. It seemed as though he was trying to think this business out.

"Well—what are you waiting for?" Dizzy had measured the distance to a crowbar and he stood so that he could reach out easily on the blind side.

The other was moving up now behind Dizzy. He was moving his lips as if he had something to say but could not articulate. In the end he got out the words.

"I don't want no trouble with the rozzers . . ."

"You ain't going to have trouble, boy. This is between ourselves."

Dizzy's groping hand had closed over the bar and he now began to lift it smoothly and noiselessly out of the other's sight in the shelter of his body turned away. As the old man reached for the money the plan was to swing suddenly round on him and strike him down. His boss had been away, so this old coot would be the only man who knew the Buick had been repaired—except Fred, and he had blown. The set-up had almost been made for the job!

He brought his right arm up.

At that moment the sound of movement behind him warned him . . . then a blinding light exploded inside Dizzy's skull. It splintered into a thousand fragments and burned for a moment like a star, then the light went out and it left only darkness behind.

The old man let his visitor's body lie where it had fallen. He replaced the heavy wrench he had taken from the rack, then he levered the cylinders from the trolley and trundled it up. He dragged the other's body on to it . . .

The set-up seemed ideal to the old man. He had been in trouble with the police before, and when they printed the bills and he saw that the Buick was a hot car, he was scared. He was badly scared, for he expected that sooner or later someone would come along and ask questions—and they had. If he had had enough money he would have blown before anyone could come round, but he hadn't any money or any prospect of money until he had seen that bank-roll.

Then he had begun to think. This man knows I did the job. He may be round again. He looks as if he drinks and he might talk. *No one saw him come in.*

When he got the body to the other side of the yard under the railway arch he tipped it off the trolley down among the junk just as a train thundered overhead, lighting up the night sky with its blue flashes.

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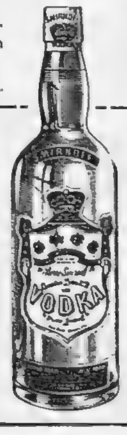

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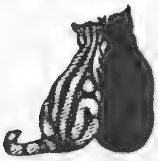

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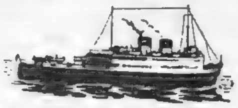

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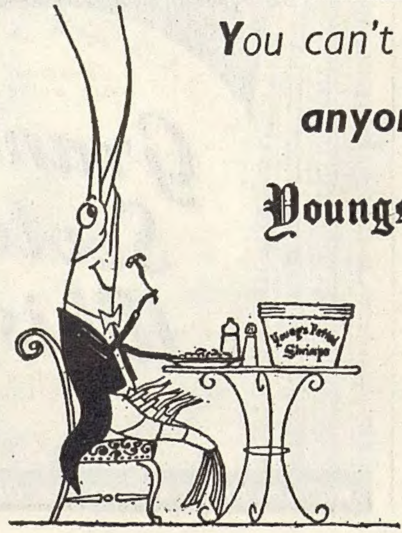

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THE GIRL who makes her Braemar double for a dozen different dates is smart. She knows the clear-cut classic line is her best play in fashion's game, a foil for suave accessories that key it to the moment's mood and grand or gay occasions.
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BRAEMAR KNITWEAR LIMITED, HAWICK, SCOTLAND
BRAEMAR

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